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BELL's

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. XI.

BELL's

BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XI.

CONTAINING

BEGGARS OPERA, ... BY GAY.

CHANCES, . . { ALTERED FROM BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MISER, ... BY FIELDING.

FOUNDLING, ... — MOORE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
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1797.

00046571

BEGGARS OPERA.

De Wilde del.

T. Trotter sculp.

Mrs. CROUCH as POLLY.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Feb 2 1791.

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

A

COMIC OPERA.

BY JOHN GAY.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M D CC XCI.

JOHN GAY.

THE subject of this confined narrative, has frequently been held up as a monument of the fallacies of Hope and the disappointments of Courts.

The commerce between the courtier and the poet seems not sufficiently understood—the aim of the one is imputed taste, and of the other reflected importance :—The patron is immediately a *Mecænas*—the poet a servile associate.

GAY conceived himself injured by the great and the powerful; as he expected much, so he considered much as equivalent to his fancied value.

Expectations, however, are generally unreasonable: the man who, for agreeable and tuneful trifling, hopes a mitre or an embassy, surely overrates his Talents; and, if he obtain his *food* for his Flattery, carries away its *full worth*.—The disappointment is too weak for sympathy.

GAY, the poet, was born at Exeter, in the year 1688, his family was ancient and respectable.

What education he possessed, was received under the care of RAYNER, in the free-school of Barnstaple. Of what extent then were these attainments there is no mention; and his works, wherein what he possessed, would most probably be displayed, discover little of classic thought or classic allusion. Perhaps his education had a reference to his intended profession—for *that* little was sufficient—he was bred a mercer.

For a man, upon whose cradle the Muses had dropt the seeds of Poesy, such an occupation could have but few charms:—Accordingly in 1712 he is known to have been house-steward to the dutchess of Monmouth, there he continued until the year 1714, when, upon lord Clarendon's going to Hanover, GAY accompanied him most probably as a private secretary. Such appointments for a young man are peculiarly honourable, they indicate assiduity and talents, and what are still better, fidelity and amiableness of manners.

About the end of that year, 1714, on the Queen's death, he returned to his native country. He was highly favor'd by the Princess of Wales, and had the honour, *in the cold sweat of awkward reverence*, to read to her, and the ladies of her

court, his tragedy of the CAPTIVES in M. S. GAY here, was nearly in the situation of that luckless play-wright described so ludicrously in the *Adventurer*.—His homage was *prostration*, for he stumbled as he advanced before her Royal Highness. He, nevertheless, read this play—certainly dull, unpoetical, and uninteresting.

In 1726 he dedicated, by permission, his Fables to the Duke of Cumberland—the year following he was offered the post of *Gentleman Usher* to one of the youngest Princesses. The pride of Talents revolted at the Indignity—He rejected it with anger—and remonstrated warmly through his Friends.

GAY's residue of life was entirely literary.—Disappointing visions of Court-preferment broke his spirits, and gloom'd his solitary hours; yet the fate of that man cannot be much mourn'd, whose patron was QUEENSBURY; who could leave a *fortune* of some THOUSAND Pounds at his death, and who, living, had the yet *better* fortune, to call SWIFT and POPE, and ARBUTHNOT and CONGREVE, his friends and intimate companions. He died December 1732, in Bur-

lington-Gardens, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey.

The *Beggar's Opera* is the only dramatic Work by which he survives on the modern stage.

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

THE intention of the Author in thus naming the piece is not clear.—It may refer to *himself*—it may refer to his audience—both ways it proved a *misnomer*.

This design was originally caught from a hint by Swift; and, as a man, into whatever ground he may venture, usually carries his anger and his prejudices along with him, so the BEGGAR'S OPERA became the vehicle of his spleen; and those, whose influence he could not obtain, he lowered to the level of *Highwaymen* and *Housebreakers*. That the Court felt any *soreness* at the satire, it is not easy to imagine:—If the severity were insupportable, they knew how to *stop* it. The anger of mortification usually vindicates where it injures—*injustice* heals the *venom* in which resentment steeps the shafts of the satyrist.

The Characters of this Opera are *low* and *vicious*—the good here can derive no encouragement of virtue, the bad no discouragement of vice.

The Airs were selected from popular tunes—their popularity is still fresh.

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

Beggar.

If poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars, and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

Play. As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go; so (though you are in want) I wish you success heartily.

Beg. This Piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the similies that are in all your celebrated operas, The Swallow, The Moth, The Bee, The Ship, The Flower, *&c.* besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue, for I have no recitative ex-

cepting this. As I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue, it must be allowed an Opera in all its forms. The Piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

Play. But I see it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. [*Exeunt.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
Peachum	Mr. Moody.
Lockit	Mr. Fawcet.
Macheath	Mr. Kelly.
Filch	Mr. Suett.
Jemmy Twitcher	Mr. Webbe.
Crook-finger'd Jack	Mr. Lyons.
Wat Dreary	Mr. Alfred.
Robin of Bagshot	Mr. Hayms.
Nimming Ned	Mr. Chapman.
Harry Paddington	Mr. Phillimore.
Mat of the Mint	Mr. Williames.
Ben Budge	Mr. Burton.
Beggar	Mr. Maddox.
Player	Mr. Benson.
	Women.
Mrs. Peachum	Mrs. Hopkins.
Polly Peachum	Mrs. Crouch.
Lucy Lockit	Mrs. Edwards.
Diana Trapes	Mrs. Booth.
Mrs. Coaxer	Mrs. Fox.
Dolly Trull	Mrs. Davies.
Betty Doxey	Mrs. Shaw.
Jenny Diver	Miss Barnes.
Mrs. Slammekin	Miss Tidswell.
Sukey Tawdry	Mrs. Heard.
Molly Brazen	Mrs. Butter.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
Peachum	Mr. Ryder.
Lockit	Mr. Cubit.
Macheath	Mr. Bannister.
Filch	Mr. Blanchard.
Jemmy Twitcher	Mr. Evatt.
Crook-finger'd Jack	Mr. Milburn.
Wat Dreary	Mr. Letteny.
Robin of Bagshot	Mr. Blurton.
Nimming Ned	Mr. Lee.
Harry Paddington	Mr. Painter.
Mat of the Mint	Mr. Darley.
Ben Budge	Mr. Rock.
Beggar	Omitted.
Player	Ditto.
Drawer	Mr. Farley.
	Women.
Mrs. Peachum	Mrs. Webb.
Polly Peachum	Mrs. Billington.
Lucy Lockit	Mrs Martyr.
Diana Trapes	Omitted.
Mrs. Coaxer	Mrs. Francis.
Dolly Trull	Mrs. Rowson.
Mrs. Vixen	Mrs. Brangin.
Betty Doxy	Mrs. Lloyd.
Jenny Diver	Mrs. Stuart.
Mrs. Slammekin	Mrs. Rock.
Sukey Tawdry	Mrs. Masters.
Molly Brazen	Mrs. Lefevre.

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, PEACHUM's *House.*

PEACHUM *sitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR.

An old woman clothed in gray.

THRO' all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions berogue one another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

A lawyer's is an honest employment, so is mine; like me too he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues

and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by 'em.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why she may plead her belly at worst; to my knowledge she hath taken care of that security: but, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! when I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand—This is death without reprieve; I may venture to book him: [*Writes.*] for Tom Gagg forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock this year than any five of the gang, and in truth 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, she may in the common course of business live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward. There is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute she is a fine woman! 't was to her I was obliged for my education. (To say a bold word.) She hath trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

AIR.

The bonny gray-ey'd morn, &c.

Filch. *'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,*
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat: when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And Beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate

a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang. [*Reading.*] Crook-finger'd Jack, a year and a half in the service: let me see how much the stock owes to his industry? one, two, three, four, five, gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff boxes, five of them of true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broad cloth. Considering these are only fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. Wat. Dreary, alias Brown Will; an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer upon his good behaviour. Harry Paddington; a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! that fellow, tho' he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next Sessions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. Mat. of the Mint, listed not above a month ago; a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. Tom Tipple; a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself or to make others stand! a cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robin of Bagshot, alias

Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty——

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

Mrs. Peach. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear! he's a favourite customer of mine; 'twas he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black-list, that's all, my dear! he spends his life among women, and, as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear! I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome, who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR.

Cold and raw, *&c.*

If any wench Venus's girdle wear
Tho' she be never so ugly,
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous smugly.
Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis.

But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear! that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and, if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse me, for nobody can help the frailty of an over-scrupulous conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? so, my dear! have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear, and, though the bank hath stopt payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! if he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate-houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague does the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl! I'm in the utmost concern about her.

AIR.

Why is your faithful slave disdain'd?

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!

If soon she be not made a wife
Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
She's—what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye, wife, a handsome wench, in our way of business, is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can in any thing but marriage: after that, my dear, how shall we be safe? are we not then in her husband's power? for the husband hath the absolute power over all a wife's secrets but her own. If the girl had the discretion of a court-lady, who can have a dozen of young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a spark will at once set her in a flame. Married! if the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! My daughter to me should be like a court-lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. Mayhap, my dear! you may injure the girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the Captain liberties in the view of interest.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment

and sift her. In the mean-time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband! Why must our Polly forsooth differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR.

Of all the simple things we do, *&c.*

A maid is like the golden ore
Which hath guineas intrinsical in 't,
Whose worth is never known before
It is try'd and imprest in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold
Stampt with the name of her spouse,
Now here, now there, is bought or is sold,
And is current in ev'ry house.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither, Filch. "I am as fond of this child as tho' my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler." If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life,

I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the opera, Madam, and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Coloured ones I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then, since I was pumpt, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. Peach. You should go to Hockley-in-the Hole and to Marybone, child, to learn valour: these are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact I'll ensure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But now since you have nothing better to do, even go to your book and learn your catechism; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's

paper, who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his questions. But hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie, for you know I hate a liar; do you know of any thing that hath past between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me, for I must either tell a lie to you or to Miss Polly, for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concerned——

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly if ever she come to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [*Exeunt*

Enter PEACHUM *and* POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been at court or at an assembly: we have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is

most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR.

What shall I do to show how much I love her?

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;
But when once pluck'd 't is no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 't is sent, (as yet sweet)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have play'd the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now you know my mind.

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

AIR.

O London is a fine town.

Mrs. PEACHUM [*in a very great passion.*]

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!

For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her pride,
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace, and she'll have men beside;
And when she's drest with care and cost, all-tempting, fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hang'd it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice! The wench is married, husband. 311

Peach. Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will risk any thing for money: to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together if ever we had been married, baggage?

Mrs. Peach. I knew she was always a proud slut, and now the wench hath play'd the fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the gentry? Can you support the expence of a husband, hussy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? There are not many husbands and wives who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be

as ill used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the military capacity as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peach. With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction: yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

Peach. What! is the wench dumb? speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all: they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR.

Grim king of the ghosts, *&c.*

Polly. *Can love be controll'd by advice?*
Will Cupid our mothers obey?

Tho' my heart was as frozen as ice
At his flame 't would have melted away.
When he kist me, so sweetly he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd,
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry for fear you should chide. 359

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 't is the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I cann't support myself—Oh! 371

[*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[*Polly goes out and returns with it.*

Ah, hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass, Sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This you see fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl shows such a readiness and so much concern, that, I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR.

O Jenny, O Jenny! where hast thou been?

O Polly! you might have toy'd and kist;
By keeping men off you keep them on.

Polly. *But he so teas'd me,*
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman—you sorry slut!

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman my dear.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune: after that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely speech in troth for a wench who is just married!

AIR.

Thomas, I cannot, *&c.*

Polly. *I like a ship in storms was tost,*
Yet afraid to put into land.
For seiz'd in the port the vessel's lost
Whose treasure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expression!
Thus safe ashore
I ask no more;
My all's in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t' other room; go talk with them Polly, but come again as soon as they are gone.—But hark ye, child, if 't is the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say, you believe we cann't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t' other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so

that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit Polly.*] Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. Peach. If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue, now-a-days, is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then, if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be considered.

AIR.

A soldier and a sailor.

A fox may steal your hens, sir,
A whore your health and pence, sir,
Your daughter rob your chest, sir,
Your wife may steal your rest, sir,
A thief your goods and plate;

But this is all but picking,
With rest, peace, chest, and chicken:
It ever was decreed, sir,
If lawyer's hand is fee'd, sir,
He steals your whole estate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned; he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a periwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happen'd last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must not be as they are. You are married then it seems?

Polly. Yes, sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, sir; upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

Peach, Fy, Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 't is ours to take robbers; every man in his business: so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, husband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR.

Now ponder well, ye parents dear

Polly. *Oh ponder well! be not severe;*
So save a wretched wife;
For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him.

AIR.

Le printemps rappelle aux armes.

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying,
The turtle thus with plaintive crying
Laments her dove;
Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

Thus, sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

Polly. But hear me mother—if you ever lov'd——

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin. One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. [*Polly listening.*] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peach'd the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I cannot find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then indeed we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest.—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. Peachum.*

Polly. Now I'm a wretch indeed.—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling

his resolution and intrepidity!—What vollies of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace!—I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!—Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee, by a reprieve! What then will become of Polly?—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape.—It shall be so.——But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me.—If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy—If he stays, he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

[*Exit, and returns with Macheath.*

AIR.

Pretty parrot, say, *&c.*

Mac. *Pretty Polly, say.*
When I was away
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

Polly. *Without disguise,*
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover.

Fondly let me loll.

Mac. *O pretty, pretty Poll!*

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love.—May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find, in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR.

Pray fair one be kind.

Mac. *My heart was so free,*
It rov'd like the bee,
Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt each flow'r,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

Polly. Were you sentenc'd to transportation, sure my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking glass, or any woman from quadrille—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR.

Over the hills and far away.

Mac. *Were I laid on Greenland's coast,*
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

Polly. *Were I sold on Indian soil,*
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

Mac. *And I would love you all the day,*
Polly. *Ev'ry night would kiss and play,*
Mac. *If with me you'd fondly stray*
Polly. *Over the hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—— how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

Mac. How! part!

Polly. We must, we must.—My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee: they are preparing evidence against thee: thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR.

Gin thou wert my awn thing.

Polly. *O what pain it is to part!*
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But lest death my love should thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee. 539

One kiss and then——one kiss——Begone——Farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, are so riveted to thine, that I cannot loose my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again, for till then Polly is wretched.

AIR.

O the broom, *&c.*

[*Parting, and looking back at each other with fondness, he at one door, she at the other.*]

Mac. *The miser thus a shilling sees*
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 't is gone for aye.

Polly. *The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,*
The bird in silence eyes,
But soon as out of sight 't is gone
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOK-FINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT OF THE MINT, BEN BUDGE, *and the rest of the gang, at the table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.*

Ben.

BUT pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth, and so clever made a fellow he was that I could not save him from those flaying rascals the surgeons, and now, poor man, he is among the ptamys at Surgeons'-hall.

Ben. So it seems his time was come.

Jem. But the present time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms and the right of conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who to a man are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men and true!

Rob. Of tried courage and indefatigable industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Har. Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

Mat. Shew me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the in-

jury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

Jem. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glasses.

AIR.

Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

Mat. *Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us*
And fires us
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there ought else on earth desirous?
Chorus. *Fill ev'ry glass,* &c.

Enter MACHEATH.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met: my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram now and then with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence, and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but——

Mat. But what, sir?

Mac. Is there any man who suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty have I ever shewn the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you, Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to shew us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break loose from him our gang is ruined.

Mat. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties;

so till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you. 91

[*Sits down melancholy at the table.*

AIR.

March in Rinaldo with drums and trumpets

Mat. *Let us take the road.*
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms brave boys and load.
See the ball I hold!
Let the chymists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold. 99

[*The gang, ragged in the front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles, then go off singing the first part in chorus.*]

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex, and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited.

AIR.

Would you have a young virgin, *&c.*

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears,
Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly, sweetly
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
Press her,
Caress her:
With blisses
Her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women! there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time—Drawer,

Enter DRAWER.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute; but you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's lane. Sure, some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, coming! [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, *Mrs.* VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, *Mrs.* SLAMMEKIN, SUKY TAWDRY, *and* MOLLY BRAZEN.

Mac. Dear Mrs. Coaxer! you are welcome; you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.——Dolly Trull! kiss me, you slut! are you as amorous as ever, hussy? you are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else: ah, Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette.—Mrs. Vixen! I'm your's; I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives. ——Betty Doxy! come hither, hussy; do you drink as hard as ever? you had better stick to good wholesome beer, for in troth, Betty, strong waters will in time ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters.——What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! there is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look with a more mischievous heart; ah, thou art a dear artful hypocrite!——Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever: all you fine ladies who know your own beauty affect an undress.—But see! here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying; everything she gets one way she lays out upon her back: why, Suky, you must keep at least a dozen tallymen.——Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] "that's well done; I love a free-hearted wench: thou

"hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as "willing as a turtle."—But hark! I hear music: "the harper is at the door. If music be the food of "love, play on." Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in.

Enter HARPER.

Play the French tune that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of. "[*A dance* à la ronde *in the French manner, near the end of it this song and chorus.*]"

AIR.

Cotillon.

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.

Chorus. *Youth's the season*, &c.

Let us drink and sport to day,
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus. *Let us drink*, &c.

Mac. Now pray, ladies, take your places. Here, fellow [*Pays the harper.*] Bid the drawer bring us more wine. [*Exit harper.*] If any of the ladies chuse gin, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

Jen. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, sir, I never drink strong waters but when I have the cholic.

Mac. Just the excuse of the fine ladies! why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

Coax. We have so many interlopers; yet with industry one may still have a little picking. I carried a silver-flowered lutestring and a piece of black padesoy to Mr. Peachum's lock but last week.

Vix. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattle-snake: she riveted a linen-draper's eye so fast upon her, that he was nicked of three pieces of cambric before he could look off.

Braz. Oh, dear Madam!—But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces; and then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts, indeed, who cheats a woman.

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 't is Jenny Diver: though her fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his pocket as coolly as if

money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman.

Jen. I never go to the tavern with a man but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort of men for my pleasure: but had I your address, Madam———

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

Jen. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR.

All in a misty morning.

Before the barn-door, crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended;
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do agen?

Mac. Ah Jenny! thou art a dear slut!

Trul. Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I ha'n't been so long upon the Town but I have met with some good fortune as well as my neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the question; 't was only in the way of conversation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handsomely with my last friend; but upon his missing five guineas, he turned me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew, and bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

Tawd. Now, for my part, I own I like an old fellow, for we always make them pay for what they cannot do.

Vix. A spruce 'prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing; they bleed freely: I have sent at least two or three dozen of them in my time to the plantations.

Jen. But to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming table hath been my ruin.

AIR.

When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.

Jen. *The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,*
If they meddle, your all is in danger.

Like gipsies, if once they can finger a sonse,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
And give your estate to a stranger.

A man of courage should never put any thing to the risk but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour: cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his pistol, Tawdry takes up the other.*

Tawd. This, sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company 't is ill bred.

Mac. Wanton hussies!

Jen. I must and will have a kiss to give my wine a zest.

[*They take him about the neck, and make signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.*

Peach. I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

Mac. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them? beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But to do them justice I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies; and if they have a mind to make you a visit they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges

in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR.

When first I laid siege to my Chloris.

Mac. *At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,*
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such Furies as these are.

Peach. Ladies, I 'll take care the reckoning shall be discharged.

[*Exit Macheath guarded, with Peachum and Constables; the women remain.*]

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Sukey Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

Coax. I think, Mr. Peachum, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

Slam. I am sure at least three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me justice) should be set down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair, for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jen. As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. Sukey will join with me: as for any thing else, ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

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Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be saved, Madam——

Slam. Nay, then I must stay here all night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt, with great ceremony.*

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter LOCKIT, *Turnkeys,* MACHEATH, *and Constables.*

Lock. Noble Captain! you are welcome; you have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the custom, sir; garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

Mac. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave I should like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down, I say.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you, sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are so many and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Those I see will fit the Captain better.—Take down the further pair.——Do but examine them, sir.—Never was better work—how genteelly they are made!—They will sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt* LOCKIT, *Turnkeys, and Constables.*

AIR.

Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm.

Mac. *Man may escape from rope and gun,*
Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long till I am hanged) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door.—I am in the custody of her father, and to be sure if he knows of the matter I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.——But I promised the wench marriage.——What signifies a promise to a woman? does not man in marriage itself

promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations——But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her——would I were deaf.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. You base man you!—how can you look me in the face after what hath past between us?—See here, perfidious wretch! how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me.—Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR.

A lovely lass to a friar came.

Thus when a good huswife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat
In revenge for her loss of bacon;
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.

Mac. Have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear Lucy! to see a husband in these circumstances?

Lucy. A husband!

Mac. In every respect but the form, and that, my dear! may be said over us at any time.——Friends

should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

AIR.

'Twas when the sea was roaring.

How cruel are the traitors
Who lie and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest?
Whoever steals a shilling,
Thro' shame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjur'd villain
With boasts the theft reveals.

Mac. The very first opportunity my dear! (have but patience) you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum? ——I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy, you cannot be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute you?

Mac. Married! very good! The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house, I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do that mean nothing,) to divert myself; and now

the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy! these violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy! to give you satisfaction——if you think there is any in marriage.—What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems you are not married to Miss Polly.

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR.

The sun had loosed his weary teams.

The first time at the looking glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after:

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger,
But alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands, for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father—Perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word——for I long to be made an honest woman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PEACHUM *and* LOCKIT, *with an account book.*

Lock. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution. —But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

Lock. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the people in employment pay better, pro-

mise them for the future I shall let other rogues live besides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR.

How happy are we, &c.

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage
Lest the courtiers offended should be,
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe
Each cries——That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name I see: sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case, for he told me, in the condemned hold that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum—this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lock. Who accuses me? 490

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood—And this usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money for the apprehending of Curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information. 499

Lock. Is this language to me, sirrah—who have sav'd you from the gallows, sirrah! [*Collaring each other.*

Peach. If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an errant rascal.

Lock. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!——

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know, we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking. 510

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent—Give me your hand: suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCY.

Lock. Whence come you, hussy? 523

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love, one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him. 529

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman: 'tis not the fashion now-a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.

Of a noble race was Shenkin.

Lucy. *Is then his fate decreed, Sir?*
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met so moves me yet,
Oh! see how my heart is splitting. 539

Lock. Look ye, Lucy—there is no saving him—so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR.

You'll think ere many days ensue
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife go moan over your dying husband: that, child, is your duty.—Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—so make yourself as easy as you can by getting all you can from him.

[*Exit.*

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear! you will upon the first opportunity quiet my scruples.—Oh, sir!—my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas think you move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business the perquisite is the most prevailing.—Your father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable

sum in the year. Money well timed and properly applied, will do any thing.

AIR.

London ladies.

If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!—Oh let me throw my arms about it and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me?—'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged!—Cruel reflec-

tion! I'll stay with thee till death——no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR.

All in the Downs, *&c.*

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the sash is closely pent,
His consort with bemoaning lay
Without sits pining for th' event;
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not (poor bird!) her soul's with him.

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too.—If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me—and that's no very

unreasonable request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? hast thou two wives, monster?

Mac. If womens' tongues can cease for an answer —hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and blood cannot bear my usage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own?—Justice bids me speak?

AIR.

Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty.

Mac. *How happy could I be with either,*
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither, a word will I say,
But tol de rol, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear! there ought to be some preference shewn to a wife; at least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with his misfortunes or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. Oh, villain! villain! thou hast deceived me. —I could even inform against thee with pleasure.— Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR.

Irish Trot.

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*
Lucy. ——— *I'm bubbled.*
Polly. *Oh how I am troubled!*
Lucy. *Bamboozled and bit!*
Polly. ——— *My distresses are doubled.*
Lucy. *When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,*
These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.
Polly. *I'm bubbled, &c.*

Mac. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort, for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself: besides 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR.

Polly. *Cease your funning,*
Force or cunning

Never shall my heart trepan:
All these sallies
Are but malice
To seduce my constant man.
'Tis most certain
By their flirting
Women oft' have envy shown,
Pleas'd to ruin
Others' wooing,
Never happy in their own!

Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband while his wife is present.

Mac. But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, Madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the Turnkey to shew you the door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, Madam; and my duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, Madam.

AIR.

Good-morrow, gossip Joan.

Lucy. *Why, how now, Madam Flirt?*
If you thus must chatter,

And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why, how now, saucy jade?*
Sure the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made [To him.
The scoff of such a gipsy? 689
Saucy jade! [To her.

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench! Ah hussy, hussy!—Come you home you slut; and, when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him.—I must speak; I have more to say to him—Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves.—Away—not a word more.—You are my prisoner now, hussy. 702

AIR.

Irish howl.

Polly. *No pow'r on earth can e'er divide*
The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.

When parents draw against our mind,
The true-love's knot they faster bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—Oh, oh, &c.

[*Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her. Exeunt Peachum, and Polly.*]

Mac. I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear! I was strangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No, Lucy—I had rather die than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

Lucy. Oh Macheath! I can never live to see that day.

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love you are in my debt; and you must now be convinced that I rather chuse to die, than be another's—Make me if possible love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his

nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear? 732

Mac. If we are together 't will be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee—till then my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear husband—owe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever. 741

AIR.

The lass of Pattie's mill.

Lucy. *I like the fox shall grieve*
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom hounds from morn to eve
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide,
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide
He never will come back. 749

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Newgate.* LOCKIT, LUCY.

Lockit.

To be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter Polly, and to be sure they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy! I will have none of these shuffling answers.

Lucy. Well then——if I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep your's, sir,——I do wish I may be burnt, I do——and what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?—how much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you———Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done———How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard, for a girl in the bar of an alehouse is always besieged.

Lucy. Dear sir! mention not my education——for 't was to that I owe my ruin.

AIR.

If love's a sweet passion, *&c.*

When young at the bar you first taught me to score,
And bid me be free of my lips and no more,
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot;
When the guest was departed the kiss was forgot:
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, sir, I will make a fair confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape, hussy—have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing——and I could ask no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut. Lucy,—if you would not be looked upon as a fool, you should never do any thing but upon the footing of interest: those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet women, and in love we are all fools alike——Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife——Did I let him escape (fool that I was!) to go to her?——Polly will wheedle herself into his money, and then Peachum will hang him and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruined, because forsooth you must be in love!——A very pretty excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent, happy strumpet——I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it——Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR.

South Sea ballad.

My love is all madness and folly;
Alone I lie,
Toss, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly!
Was e'er such a wretch as I!
With rage I redden like scarlet,
That my dear inconstant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms
Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my resentment alarms.

Lock. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, Mistress Puss!——Out of my sight, wanton strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses.——Go. [*Exit Lucy.*] Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him.——The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.——"Lions, "wolves, and vultures, don't live together in herds, "droves, or flocks——Of all animals of prey, man is "the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon "his neighbour, and yet we herd together."——Peachum is my companion, my friend——According to the custom of the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me——and shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return? 92

AIR.

Packington's pound.

Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,
Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's sound,
And join to promote one another's deceit:

But if by mishap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands they each other entrap;
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honest tradesmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can over-reach the other.—Lucy——[*Enter Lucy.*] are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters in the next room with black Moll.

Lock. Bid him come to me. [*Exit Lucy.*

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half-starved, like a shotten herring.

Filch. "One had need have the constitution of a "horse to go through the business.——Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I "have picked up a little money by helping the ladies "to a pregnancy against their being called down to "sentence—but if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure 't is what I can-"not undertake for another session.

Lock. "Truly if that great man should tip off, it "would be an irreparable loss. The vigour and "prowess of a knight errant never saved half the

" ladies in distress that he hath done."—But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

Filch. At his lock, sir, at The Crooked Billet.

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him, and in the way of those transactions I 'll artfully get into his secret—so that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a gaming-house.*

MACHEATH *in a fine tarnished coat,* BEN BUDGE, MAT *of the* MINT.

Mac. I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. [*Gives them money.*] You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere court-friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR.

Lillibulero.

The modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get:

'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,
In sorrowful ditty
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have still honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world—and, while I can serve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involved in such difficulties as oblige him to live with such ill company and herd with gamesters.

Mat. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may steal a horse better than another look over a hedge.—Of all mechanicks, of all servile handicraftsmen, a gamester is the vilest: but yet as many of the quality are of the profession, he is admitted amongst the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected!

Mac. There will be deep play to-night at Marybone, and consequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

Mat. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told is never without money.

Mac. What do you mean, Mat?—sure you will not think of meddling with him!—he's a good honest kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

Mac. Have an eye upon the money-lenders—A rouleau or two would prove a pretty sort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Mat. Those rouleaus are very pretty things—I hate your bank-bills—there is such a hazard in putting them off.

Mac. There is a certain man of distinction who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready: he is in my cash, Ben—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room; so, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

Mat. Upon honour.

SCENE, PEACHUM's *lock.*

A table, with wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT.

Lock. The coronation-account, brother Peachum, is of so intricate a nature that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists, indeed, of a great variety of articles—It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten instalments——" This is part of the " account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. "A lady's tail of rich brocade.—That I see is disposed of. 191

Peach. "To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tally woman, "and she will make a good hand on't in shoes and "slippers to trick out young ladies upon their going "into keeping —

Lock. "But I don't see any article of the jewels.

Peach. "Those are so well known that they must "be sent abroad—you'll find them entered under the "article of Exportation--As for the snuff boxes, "watches, swords, &c. I thought it best to enter them "under their several heads.

Lock. "Seven-and twenty womens' pockets com- "plete, with the several things therein contained, all "sealed, numbered, and entered."

Peach. But, brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this affair—we should have the whole day before us—Besides, the account of the last half-year's plate is in a book by itself, which lies at the other office. 212

Lock. "Bring us then more liquor"——To-day shall be for pleasure—to morrow for business. Ah, brother! those daughters of ours are two slippery hussies—Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two shall be our own again.

AIR.

Down in the North country.

Lock. *What gudgeons are we men!*
Ev'ry woman's easy prey;

Tho' we have felt the hook, again
We bite and they betray.

The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies; again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

Peach. But what signifies catching the bird, if your daughter Lucy will set open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days—This is unkind of you, brother, for among good friends what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter FILCH.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to speak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

Lock. By all means——she's a good customer, and a fine spoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in. [*Exit Filch.*

Enter Mrs. TRAPES.

Dear Mrs. Dye! your servant—one may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

Lock. There is no perfumed breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavor of those lips—ha'nt I, Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR.

A shepherd kept sheep, &c.

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c.
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, &c.
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our business. If you have blacks of any kind brought in of late, mantuas—velvet scarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will——I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why look ye, Mrs. Dye—you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen who venture their lives for the goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing—To be sure of late years I have been a great sufferer by the parliament—three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends—The act for destroying the Mint was a severe cut upon our busi-

ness——till then, if a customer stept out of the way —we knew where to have her:——No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer—There's a wench now (till to-day) with a good suit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together.———Since the act too against imprisonment for small sums, my loss there too hath been very considerable; and it must be so when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat or a clean gown, and I not have the least hank upon her; and o' my conscience, now-a-days, most ladies take delight in cheating when they can do it with safety! 277

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome gold watch of us th' other day for seven guineas——Considering we must have our profit——to a gentleman upon the road a gold watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very safe sale——If you have any black velvet scarfs——they are a handsome winter wear, and take with most gentlemen who deal with my customers———'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot: 'tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price; the gentlemen always pay according to their dress, from half-a-crown to two guineas, and yet those hussies make nothing of bilking of me——Then too, allowing for accidents——I have eleven fine customers now down under the surgeon's hand ——what with fees and other expences, there are great goings-out and no comings-in, and not a far-

thing to pay for at least a month's clothing——We run great risks——great risks indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. Coaxer.

Trapes. Yes, sir,—to be sure I stripped her of a suit of my own clothes about two hours ago, and have left her, as she should be, in her shift, with a lover of her's, at my house. She called him up stairs as he was going to Marybone in a hackney-coach——and I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him——an intimate acquaintance of your's, Mr. Peachum——only Captain Macheath——as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye! you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like—— We have at least half a dozen velvet scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of night-clothes for your own wearing?——But are you sure it is Captain Macheath?

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him, nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time at second hand, for he always loved to have his ladies well dress.

Peach. Mr. Lockit and I have a little business with the Captain——you understand me——and we will satisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's debt.

Lock. Depend upon it—we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't inquire after your affairs—so whatever happens, I wash my hands on't—It hath always been my maxim, that one friend should assist another—But if you please, I'll take one of the scarfs home with me; 'tis always good to have something in hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter LUCY.

Jealousy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and shattered with distresses!

AIR.

One evening having lost my way.

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the ratsbane ready——I run no risk, for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that

naturally, that I shall never be called in question——But say I were to be hanged——I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Shew her in.

Enter POLLY.

Dear Madam! your servant.——I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last—— I was so over-run with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself; and really when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excused by a friend.

AIR.

Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son.

When a wife's in her pout
(As she's sometimes no doubt)
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.

——I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, Madam, but my misfortunes——and really, Madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miss Polly——in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the head-ache.—I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking——You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear!

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer——I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly——I was, indeed, somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful——but really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape, no doubt all matters are made up again——Ah, Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you, as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR.

O Bessy Bell, *&c.*

Polly. *A curse attends that woman's love*
Who always would be pleasing.
Lucy. *The pertness of the billing dove,*
Like tickling is but teasing.

Polly. *What then in love can woman do?*
Lucy. *If we grow fond, they shun us,*
Polly. *And when we fly them they pursue,*
Lucy. *But leave us when they 'ave won us.*

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both sexes that it is impossible to be lasting—but my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour I think I ought to envy you—When I was forced from him, he did not shew the least tenderness—but perhaps he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR.

Wou'd fate to me Belinda give.

Among the men coquettes we find
Who court by turns all womankind,
And we grant all their hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

The coquettes of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear Lucy, our husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy reflections—Indeed, my dear Polly! we are both of us a cup too low: let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR.

Come sweet lass.

Come, sweet lass!
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, sweet lass!
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair,
And make us light as air;
Then drink and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits—and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good——I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time too, when I know she hates me! The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief—By pouring strong waters down my throat, she thinks to pump some secrets out of me

—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor I'm resolved.

Enter LUCY *with strong waters.*

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose—You must, my dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters, as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me—Brandy and men (tho' women love them never so well) are always taken by us with some reluctance—unless 'tis in private.

Polly. I protest, Madam, it goes against me—What do I see! Macheath again in custody!—now every glimmering of happiness is lost!

[*Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.*

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the wench hath escap'd, for by this event 'tis plain she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd. [*Aside.*

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, *and* PEACHUM.

Lock. Set your heart at rest, Captain—You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away hussies!—this is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O husband, husband! my heart long'd to see thee, but to see thee thus, distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

AIR.

The last time I came o'er the moor.

Polly. *Hither, dear husband! turn your eyes.*
Lucy. *Bestow one glance to cheer me.*
Polly. *Think with that look thy Polly dies.*
Lucy. *O shun me not, but hear me.*
Polly. *'Tis Polly sues.*
Lucy. *'Tis Lucy speaks.*
Polly. *Is thus true love requited?*
Lucy. *My heart is bursting.*
Polly. *Mine too breaks.*
Lucy. *Must I,*
Polly. *Must I be slighted?*

Mac. What would you have me say, ladies?—You see this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling this point, Captain, might prevent a law-suit between your two widows.

AIR.

Tom Tinker's my true love, *&c.*

Mac. *Which way shall I turn me—how can I decide?*
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear,
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t' other wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine—a father, sure, will be more compassionate—Dear, dear, Sir! sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial—Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR.

I am a poor shepherd undone.

When my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of your Polly's tears,
For, ah! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,
Distrest on the dashing wave;
To die a dry death at land
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!

Before I was in love
Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Lucy. If Peachum's heart is hardened, sure you, sir, will have more compassion on a daughter——— I know the evidence is in your power———How then can you be a tyrant to me? [*Kneeling.*

AIR.

Ianthe the lovely, *&c.*

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O, think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons or bombs, or clashing of swords!
For death is more certain by witnesses' words:
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay,
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come, Lucy—We know our own affairs, therefore, let us have no more whimpering or whining..

AIR.

A cobler there was, *&c.*

Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it, must give up our gang;
And good reas n why,
Or instead of the fry
Ev'n Peachum and I

Like poor petty rascals might hang, hang,
Like poor petty rascals might hang.

Peach. Set your heart at rest, Polly—your husband is to die to-day—therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut.

Lock. We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR.

Bonny Dundee.

Mac. *The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,*
The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)
I go undismay'd—for death is a debt,
A debt on demand—so take what I owe.
Then farewell my love—dear Charmers! adieu,
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
For this way at once I please all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt Peachum, Lockit, and Macheath.*

Polly. Follow them, Filch, to the court, and when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happened—You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. [*Exit Filch.*] But why is all this musick?

Lucy. The prisoners, whose trials are put off till next session, are diverting themselves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as musick! I'm fond of it to distraction—But, alas!—now all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction.—Let us retire, my dear Lucy! and indulge our sorrows—— The noisy crew, you see, are coming upon us.

[*Exeunt.*

A dance of prisoners in chains, &c.

SCENE, *the condemn'd hold.*

MACHEATH *in a melancholy posture.*

AIR.

Happy groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?

AIR.

Of all the girls that are so smart.

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning Death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief 56a
As this best friend, a brimmer. [*Drinks.*

AIR.

Britons strike home.

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.

AIR.

Chevy chase.

But now again my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine.
[*Drinks a glass of wine.*

AIR.

To old Sir Simon the king.

But valour the stronger grows
The stronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes
When we 'ave lost the trouble of thinking?
[*Drinks.*

AIR.

Joy to great Cæsar.

If thus—a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.
[*Pours out a bumper of brandy.*

AIR.

There was an old woman, &c.

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.
[*Drinks.*

AIR.

Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor.

But can I leave my pretty hussies
Without one tear or tender sigh?

AIR.

Why are mine eyes still flowing.

Their eyes, their lips, their busses,
Recall my love—Ah! must I die!

AIR.

Green sleeves.

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Jail. Some friends of your's, Captain, desire to be admitted—I leave you together. [*Exit.*

Enter BEN BUDGE *and* MAT *of the* MINT.

Mac. For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution—The sheriff's officers I believe are now at the door.——That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprised me—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for, in all probability, you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortunes—but 'tis what we must all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels: their lives are as much in your power, as your's are in theirs——Remember your dying friend——'tis my last request——Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do't.

Re-enter Jailor.

Jail. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you.

Mac. Gentlemen, adieu.

[*Exeunt Ben. Budge and Mat of the Mint.*

Enter LUCY *and* POLLY.

Mac. My dear Lucy——my dear Polly——whatsoever hath past between us, is now at an end—If you are fond of marrying again, the best advice I can give you is, to ship yourselves off for the West Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a husband apiece, or, by good luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress.

AIR.

All you that must take a leap.

Lucy. *Wou'd I might be hang'd!*
Polly. *And I would so too.*
Lucy. *To be hang'd with you,*

Polly. *My dear with you.*

Mac. *O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I drcop!—See, my courage is out.*

[*Turns up the empty bottle.*

Polly. *No token of love?*

Mac. *See, my courage is out.*

[*Turns up the empty pot.*

Lucy. *No token of love?*

Polly. *Adieu!*

Lucy. *Farewell!*

Mac. *But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*

Jail. Four women more, Captain, with a child apiece. See, here they come.

Enter Women and Children.

Mac. What! four wives more!—this is too much—Here—tell the sheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEGGAR *and* PLAYER.

Play. But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly, Sir: to make the Piece perfect, 'twas for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must suppose they were all either hanged or transported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong; for an Opera must end happily.

Beg. Your objection is very just, and is easily removed; for you must allow that in this kind of drama 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about: so you rabble there—run and cry, A Reprieve—Let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we must do to comply with the taste of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether, in the fashionable vices, the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the Play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral; 'twould have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them.

Enter to them MACHEATH, *with rabble, &c.*

Mac. So it seems I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last.——Look ye, my dears, we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife, will testify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance, a dance.

Mac. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and (if I may without offence) for this time I take Polly for mine—and for

life, you slut, for we were really married—As for the rest—But at present keep your own secret.

[*To Polly.*

[*A Dance.*]

AIR.

Lumps of pudding, *&c.*

Thus I stand like a Turk with his doxies around,
From all sides their glances his passion confound,
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the diff'rent beauties subdue him by turns;
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
Tho' willing to all, with but one he retires.
Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

Chorus. *Then think of this maxim,* &c.

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THE END.

Tho Wilde ad vivum pinxt. Thornthwaite sc.

Mr PALMER as DON JOHN

Come good wench

Let you and I be jogging: you starv'd trebble
Will waken the rude watch else.

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library. Strand. July 22 1791.

THE CLANDESTINES.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand 1st July 1791.

THE

CHANCES.

A

COMEDY.

AS ALTERED FROM

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

BY HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

'' The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.'

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCI.

THE CHANCES.

THIS pleasing Comedy is built upon a beautiful Tale, to be found in the NOVELAS EXEMPLARES of the inimitable CERVANTES; though the Play is certainly much inferior to the Novel. Indeed the admirable Spaniard is beyond any competition, except that of SHAKSPEARE.—Ingenious in the structure of his Tales, they abound in various incidents well combined, in profound observation of life, in acute perception of character. Working from such materials, a good Dramatist could not go far wrong. —BEAUMONT and FLETCHER have never succeeded better in their comic skill.—The Soliloquy in the First Act by Don JOHN, upon perceiving his prize, is replete with ludicrous images.

A lover of the sterling excellence of our early Bards will frequently regret the mutilated state, in which, for something or for nothing, their best plays are performed upon our Stages.—If the plea held out for such arbitrary alteration were at all founded, and the critic pruning knife abscinded those gross impurities, which our fastidious age bears rather the commission of than the mention, something might be gained; but the fact is totally otherwise—these ble-

mishes are ever suffered to remain, as in the Piece before us, and what we lose is too frequently the glorious exuberance of comic expression lowered down to the imperfect organs of a capricious Actor, who, in the vanity of his heart, hates every sentence that cannot be cut into a set of hemistic clap-traps.

GARRICK, to the disgrace of his Theatre, influenced by the insipidities of French criticism, mutilated HAMLET thus, and impaired the noblest monument of genius that the world possesses.—The people, who are never deluded long, restored as much of their favourite as was possible then; and more NOW ought to follow.—This is no beginning age of literature; we have pretty generally discriminative powers—let us therefore discriminate for OURSELVES.

PROLOGUE.

OF all men, those have reason least to care
For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their share:
And that's a thing our author's apt to use,
Upon occasion, when no man can choose.
Suppose now at this instant one of you
Were tickled by a fool, what would you do?
'Tis ten to one you'd laugh: here's just the case,
For there are fools that tickle with their face.
Your gay fool tickles with his dress and motions,
But your grave fool of fools with silly notions.
Is it not then unjust that fops should still
Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill?
Yet since perhaps to some it gives offence,
That men are tickled at the want of sense;
Our author thinks he takes the readiest way
To shew all he has laugh'd at here—fair play.
For if ill writing be a folly thought,
Correcting ill is sure a greater fault.
Then, gallants, laugh; but choose the right place first,
For judging ill is of all faults the worst.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Duke *of* Ferrara,	Mr. Packer.
Petruchio, *Governor of* Bologna,	Mr. Aickin.
Don John, } *two* Spanish *gentle-*	Mr. Palmer.
Don Frederick, } *men and comrades.*	Mr. Barrymore.
Antonio, *an old stout gentleman, kinsman to* Petruchio,	Mr. Parsons.
Three Gentlemen, *friends to the* Duke,	
Three Gentlemen, *friends to* Petruchio,	
Francisco,	Mr. Chaplin.
Musician,	Mr. Spencer.
Antonio's Boy,	Mr. Alfred.
Peter, *and* } *two servants to Don* John	Mr. Burton.
Anthony, } *and* Frederick,	Mr. Phillimore.
Surgeon,	Mr. Jones.

Women.

1st Constantia, *sister to* Petruchio, *and mistress to the* Duke,	Mrs. Ward.
Kinswoman,	Miss Barnes.
Landlady *to Don* John *and* Frederick,	Mrs. Love,
2d Constantia, *wife to* Antonio,	Miss Farren.
Bawd,	Mrs. Booth.
Mother-in-law,	Mrs. Hopkins.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

DUKE *of* FERRARA, - - -	Mr. Davies.
PETRUCHIO, *Governor of* Bologna, -	Mr. Macready.
Don JOHN, } *two* Spanish *gentle-*	Mr. Harley.
Don FREDERICK, } *men and comrades,*	Mr. Marshall.
ANTONIO, *an old stout gentleman, kinsman to* Petruchio, - - -	Mr. Quick.
Three Gentlemen, *friends to the* Duke, -	
Three Gentlemen, *friends to* Petruchio, -	
FRANCISCO, - - - - - -	
Musician, - - - - - -	
Antonio's Boy, - - - -	Mr. Rock.
PETER, *and* } *two servants to Don* John	Mr. Blanchard.
ANTHONY, } *and* Frederick,	Mr. Cubitt.
Surgeon, - - - - - -	Mr. Powell.

Women.

1*st* CONSTANTIA, *sister to* Petruchio, *and mistress to the* Duke, - - -	Miss Chapman.
Kinswoman, - - - - -	Mrs. Piatt.
Landlady *to Don* John *and* Frederick,	Mrs. Pitt.
2*d* CONSTANTIA, *whore to* Antonio,	Mrs. Pope.
Bawd, - - - - - -	
Mother-in-law, - - - -	Mrs. Webb.

THE

CHANCES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY, *two Serving-men.*

Peter.

WOULD we were remov'd from this town, Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet; for mine own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams and revelations,
Of who knows whom or where. Serve wenching soldiers!
I'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-ropes.
Ant. Thou art the forwardest fool—
Pet. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Ant. To wait upon our masters.
Pet. But how, Anthony?
Answer me that; resolve me there, good Anthony
Ant. To serve their uses.

Pet. Shew your uses, Anthony.

Ant. To be employ'd in any thing.

Pet. No, Anthony,
Not any thing, I take it, nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands;
A salt itch serve such uses! in things of moment,
Concerning things I grant ye, not things errant,
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon:
In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case——

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended: this invisible woman,
Of infinite report for shape and beauty,
That bred all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Pet. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after what they know not where
To find; or if found, how to enjoy? Are men's brains
Made now-a-days with malt, that their affections
Are never sober; but like drunken people
Pounder at every new fame? I do believe
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Ant. Pr'ythee, be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love: only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth; which since they find so

Lock'd up from their searches, they are now resolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were resolv'd
To give me some new shoes too; for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable soles
In their good worship's business: and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me. Here they come.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don JOHN *and Don* FREDERICK.

John. I would we could have seen her tho': for sure
She must be some rare creature, or report lies:
All men's reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen Constantia:
But since she is so conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 'twere impossible, tho' known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her;
But as she came a strange report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way—
But whither are you walking?

John. My old round,
After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will you not stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. I'd lay my life, this lady still-
Fred. Then you would lose it.
John. Pray let's walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have something to impart
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miss to meet ye.
John. Where?
Fred. I' th' high street:
For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do first, then I'm yours.
John. Remember. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and two gentlemen.*

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.
1 *Gent.* Fie, Antonio.
Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him.
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,
A surgeon may see through him.
1 *Gent.* You are too violent.
2 *Gent.* Too open, indiscreet.
Petr. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?
My credit and my name?
2 *Gent.* Be sure it be so,
Before you use this violence. Let not doubt
And a suspecting anger so much sway ye,
Your wisdom may be question'd.
Ant. I say, kill him,

And then dispute the cause; cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.

2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish:
Alas! is this good justice?

Petr. I know as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful: I must kill him,
Necessity compels me.

1 *Gent.* But think better.

Petr. There's no other cure left; yet witness with me
All that is fair in man, all that is noble;
I am not greedy for this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and would 'twere possible,
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
T' offend the sacred image of my Maker,
My sword should only kill his crimes: no, 'tis
Honour, honour, my noble friends, that idol honour,
That all the world now worships, not Petruchio,
Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you or honour,
Or both, be accessary.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, Petruchio,

The value of the person, power, and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation,
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires,
And storms that toss me into everlasting ruin,
Yet I must through; if ye dare side me.

Ant. Dare!

Petr. Y'are friends indeed: if not!

2 *Gent.* Here's none flies from you;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back ye.

1 *Gent.* Is the cause so mortal? nothing but his life?

Petr. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

1 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 *Gent.* Think an hour more,
And if then you find no safer road to guide ye,
We'll set our rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him, for my part, goes less than life.

2 *Gent.* If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don JOHN.

John. The civil order of this city Naples
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Beside the wholesome seat and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,

And to all strangers courteous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not so far night, as I thought; for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring; there may be foul play:
I'll venture to look in. If there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Within. Signior!

John. What! How is this?

Within. Signior Fabritio!

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. Fabritio!

John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be good done.

Within. Who's there? Fabritio?

John. Ay.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here.

Within. O, come for heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter a Woman with a Child.

Wom. I have stay'd this long hour for you; make no noise;
For things are in strange trouble. Here, be secret.

'Tis worth your care: begone now; more eyes watch us
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark ye.

Wom. Peace; good night.

John. She's gone, and I am loaden. Fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: by th' mass 'tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, it is worth welcome.
I'll ne'er refuse a fortune; I am confident
'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging:
If it be right, I'll bless this night. [*Exit.*

Enter Don FREDERICK.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
I cannot meet him; sure he has encounter'd
Some light o' love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don John,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
Till you claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks;
You must be still a boot-haling. One round more,
Tho' it be late, I'll venture to discover ye:
I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit.*

Enter DUKE *and three Gentlemen.*

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?

1 *Gent.* To point, sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private; and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let us stand sure.
2 *Gent.* Fear us not.
Ere you shall be endanger'd or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.
Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your quarters.
1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, sir?
Duke. Ye shall not be far from me, the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.
2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don JOHN.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious?
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? Must I needs be peeping
Into men's houses where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carry'd!
I must take other men's occasions on me,
And be I know not whom: most finely handled!
What have I got by this now? What's the purchase?
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel! This comes of peeping!
A lump got out of laziness! Good white bread,
Let's have no bawling with ye. 'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtleties? Have I read over
All their school learning, div'd into their quiddits,
And am I now bumfiddled with a bastard?

Fetch'd over with a card o'five, and in my old days,
After the dire massacre of a million
Of maidenheads, caught the common way, i' th' night too
Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when ye've purchas'd
A bevy of those butter prints together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
Without commission. Why it would never grieve me,
If I had got this gingerbread: never stirr'd me,
So I had had a stroke for it: 't had been justice
Then to have kept it; but to raise a dairy,
For other men's adultery, consume myself in caudles,
And scouring work, in nurses, bells, and babies,
Only for charity, for mere I thank you,
A little troubles me: the least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, it had contented me.
Whose e'er it is, sure it had a wealthy mother,
For 'tis well cloth'd, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within. To leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a worse sin
Than his that got it. Well, I will dispose on't,
And keep it as they keep death's heads in rings,
To cry *memento* to me—no more peeping.
Now all the danger is to qualify
The good old gentlewoman at whose house we live;
For she will fall upon me with a catechism
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this mother. Come, good wonder,

Let you and I be jogging; your starved treble
Will waken the rude watch else. All that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee. [*Exit.*

Enter Don FREDERICK.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
I have beaten all the purlieus,
But cannot bolt him: If he be a bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: to-morrow morning
I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon,
Where he lies moor'd to mend his leaks.

Enter 1*st* CONSTANTIA.

Con. I am ready:
And through a world of dangers am flown to ye.
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else.
Where are your people? Which way must we travel?
For Heaven's sake stay not here, sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas! I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perished! Sir, for Heaven's sake, tell me,
Are ye a gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their end,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I'm forc'd to trust ye.

Fred. Y' have charm'd me,

Humanity and honour bids me help ye:
And if I fail your trust——
Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe ye,
Alas! I must believe ye. From this place,
Good, noble sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fear and dangers,
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty,
He must strike through my life that takes you from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and two Gentlemen.*

Petr. He will sure come: are ye all well arm'd?
Ant. Never fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.
Ant. Best gamesters make the best play;
We shall fight close and home then.
1 *Gent.* Antonio,
You are thought too bloody.
Ant. Why? All physicians,
And penny almanacks, allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?

What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?
Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.
Ant. I will speak truly.
What should men do, ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down and dance him?—
2 *Gent.* You are as far o' th' bow-hand now.
Ant. And cry,
That's my fine boy, thou wilt do so no more, child?
Petr. Here are no such cold pities.
Ant. By St. Jaques,
They shall not find me one! Here's old tough Andrew,
A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll strike them such a hornpipe! Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on: I profess it,
Not to scare costermongers. If I lose my own,
My audit's lost, and farewell five and fifty.
Petr. Let's talk no longer. Place yourselves with silence
As I directed ye; and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, to shew yourselves.
Ant. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don JOHN *and his Landlady.*

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard—
John. Good mother—
Land. Good me no goods—Your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither

To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and a fair carriage,
And so behaved myself——

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils, your devices,
Your brats got out of alligant and broken oaths,
Your linsey-woolsey work, your hasty-puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities!
You're deceiv'd in me, sir, I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. Ye found an easy fool that let you get it.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths! what care you for oaths to gain your ends;
When ye are high and pamper'd? What saint know ye?
Or what religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye—
You will then swear like accus'd cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers:
I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heaven forbid, mother.

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Pet. [*Within.*] Sir!

John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me!

John. Haste ye, sirrah.
I must e'en make her drunk. [*Aside.*] Nay, gentle mother—

Land. Now fie upon ye! was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening walks for your devotions?
For this pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the matins.
Where these you bo-peep prayers? Y'ave pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal have watch'd well too; your saint
It seems was pleas'd as well. Still sicker, sicker!

Enter PETER *with a bottle of wine.*

John. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her,
Give me. Here, mother, take a good round draught.
It will purge spleen from your spirits: deeper, mother.

Land. Aye, aye, son; you imagine this will mend all.

John. All, i'faith, mother.

Land. I confess the wine
Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge ye.

Land. But, son John——

John. I know your meaning, mother, touch it once more.
Alas! you look not well, take a round draught,
It warms the blood well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman!
A stranger! one the town holds a good regard of!
John. Nay, I will silence thee there.
Land. One that should weigh his fair name!—Oh, a stitch!
John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good mother,
Make no spare of it as you love your health;
Mince not the matter.
Land. As I said, a gentleman
Lodger'd in my house! Now Heaven's my comfort, Signior!
John. I look'd for this.
Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A woman of my credit, one, Heaven knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.
John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.
Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel ye. Where's the infant?
Come, let's see your workmanship.
John. None of mine, mother:
But there 'tis, and a lusty one.
Land. Heaven bless thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune. As I live,
Your own eyes, Signior; and the nether lip
As like ye, as ye had spit it.
John. I am glad on't.
Land. Bless me! what things are these?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost; 'tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right I hope.

Land. Well, well, son John,
I see ye're a woodman, and can choose
Your deer, tho' it be i' th' dark; all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clapp'd aboard;
Here I am with ye now, when as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must needs do,
Do where you may be done to; 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well: be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together;
It seasons of a fool, son; time is precious,
Work wary whilst you have it. Since you must traffic
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Signior;
Trade with no broken merchants; make your lading
As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking to, wants meat and nurses.

Land. Now blessing o' thy heart, it shall have all;
And instantly I'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child—Ah, my young Spaniard!
Take you no further care, sir.

John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must by your good leave, mother; these are yours,
To make your care the stronger; for the rest,
I'll find a master; the gold for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.

Land. No more words,
Nor no more children, good son, as you love me:
This may do well.

John. I shall observe your morals.
But where's Don Frederick, mother?

Land. Ten to one,
About the like adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out.

John. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't: sleep I will not,
Before I have found him. Now this woman's pleas'd,
I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eas'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE *and three Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Believe, sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to move the city: the main faction
Swarm thro' the streets like hornets, and with augurs
Able to ruin states, no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn,
And quarter'd too, that turns now; were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too——

1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.

Duke. I would not break my vow, start from my honour,
Because I may find danger; wound my soul
To keep my body safe.

1 *Gent.* I speak not, sir,
Out of a baseness to ye.
Duke. No, nor do not
Out of a baseness leave me. What is danger
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o'th' blood. Who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers: valiant minds
Were made masters of it: and as hearty seamen
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to die all in this venture,
As I am confident against it; is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would choose luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirits; send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy;
Parting with mankind, by a man that's manly:
Let them be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with them, I will on.
2 *Gent.* You may, sir,
But with what safety?
1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, sir, that here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave sir.
Duke. That's spoken heartily.
1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch.

Duke. No more dying,
There's no such danger in't. What's o'clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* ANTHONY *with a candle.*

Fred. Give me the candle; so, go you out that way.

Ant. What have we now to do?

Fred. And on your life, sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No, not my landlady, nor my friend.

Ant. 'Tis done, sir,

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Ant. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Begone.

Ant. I am, sir. [*Exit.*

Fred. Now enter without fear——

Enter 1*st* CONSTANTIA *with a jewel.*

And, noble lady,
That safety and civility ye wish for
Shall truly here attend you: no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place; no wishes,
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here. Your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect ye.

Con. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust: let it become me,
(I do beseech you, sir) for all your kindness,

To render with my thanks this worthless trifle—
I may be longer troublesome.
Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards: heavens bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies. May it please ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.
Con. It shall be;
For I am truly confident ye are honest.
The piece is scarce worth looking on.
Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
What eyes are there! rather what little heavens,
To stir men's contemplation! What a Paradise
Runs thro' each part she has! Good blood, be temperate!
I must look off: too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it. Noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagements of whole families.
Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy sir.
Thus far I shall entreat—
Fred. Command me, lady:
You may make your power too poor.
Con. That presently,
With all convenient haste, you will retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I shall conjure them.
Retire, this key will guide ye: all things necessary
Are there before ye.

Con. All my prayers go with ye. [*Exit.*

Fred. Ye clap on proof upon me. Men say, gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers:
Now I say, beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: we are all like sea-charts,
All our endeavours and our motions
(As they do to the north) still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest; for a handsome woman,
(Setting my soul aside) it should go hard
But I will strain my body; yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith. Now to my rescue. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter DUKE, *pursued by* PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and that faction.*

Duke.

You will not all oppress me?

Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton eye:
Let me come to him.

Duke. Then you shall buy me dearly.

Petr. Say you so, sir?

Ant. I say, cut his wezand, spoil his peeping:
Have at your love-sick heart, sir.

Enter Don JOHN.

John. Sure 'tis fighting!
My friend may be engaged. Fie, gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds.

[*Duke falls*; *Don* John *bestrides him.*

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, sir.

John. Nay, then have at thee freely.
There's a plumb, sir, to satisfy your longing.

Petr. Away; I hope I have sped him: here comes rescue.
We shall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.

Petr. How is it?

Ant. Well:
He'as given me my *quietus est*; I felt him
In my small guts; I'm sure he's feez'd me;
This comes of siding with you.
2 *Gent.* Can you go, sir?
Ant. I shall go, man, and my head were off;
Never talk of going.
Petr. Come, all shall be well then.
I hear more rescue coming. [*Trampling within.*

Enter the DUKE'S *faction.*

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My skull's uncloven yet, let me kill.
Petr. Away for heaven's sake with him.
[*Exit cum suis.*
John. How is it?
Duke. Well, sir,
Only a little stagger'd.
Duke's fact. Let's pursue them.
Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye. Thanks good coat,
Thou hast sav'd me a shrew'd welcome: 'twas put home,
With a good mind too, I'm sure on't.
John. Are you safe then?
Duke. My thanks to you, brave sir, whose timely valour,
And manly courtesy came to my rescue.
John. Ye had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befal him
That can pass by oppression.

Duke. May I crave, sir,
But this much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?

John. For the bond, sir,
'Tis every good man's tie: to know me further,
Will little profit you; I am a stranger,
My country Spain, my name Don John, a gentleman
That came abroad to travel.

Duke. I have heard, sir,
Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
Fame short of what ye are.

John. You are pleas'd, sir,
To express your courtesy: may I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon: you shall know me
Ere it be long, sir, and nobler thanks,
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, sir.

Duke. What is't you look for, sir? Have you lost any thing?

John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle; sure these fellows
Were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe me, sir: pray use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No, sir.

Duke. Indeed you shall, I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me.

John. Well, sir, then I will,
And so I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge,
Till when I love your memory. [*Exit cum suis.*

Enter FREDERICK.

John. I'm yours.
This is some noble fellow!
Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure.
Don John!
John. Don Frederick!
Fred. Y' are fairly met, sir!
I thought ye had been a bat-fowling. Pr'ythee tell me
What revelation hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought on?
John. Revelations!
I'll tell thee, Frederick: but before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, sir.
John. Why then mark what shall follow:
This night, Frederick, this bawdy night—
Fred. I thought no less.
John. This blind night,
What dost thou think I have got?
Fred. The pox, it may be.
John. Would 'twere no worse: ye talk of revelations,
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An errant coxcomb whilst I live.

Fred. What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got?
John. One of the infantry, a child.
Fred. How!
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. Give you joy, sir.
John. A lump of lewdness, Frederick; that's the truth on't,
This town's abominable.
Fred. I still told ye, John,
Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd ye:
But where no grace is—
John. 'Tis none of mine, man.
Fred. Answer the parish so.
John. Cheated in troth,
(Peeping into a house) by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again; no, Frederick,
'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.
Fred. Where is't?
John. At home.
Fred. A saving voyage; but what will you say, signior,
To him that searching out your serious worship,
Has met a strange fortune?
John. How, good Frederick?
A militant girl to this boy would hit it.

Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: what do you think, sir,
Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all Italy?

John. Where is she?—

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualify'd, as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect spirit—

John. Ay marry, sir.

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming.
I have her sure, boy.

John. Hark ye, Frederick;
What truck betwixt my infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light, sir;
Stick to your charge, good Don John, I am well.

John. But is there such a wench?

Fred. First tell me this;
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?

John. Yes, marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave metal;

As I return'd to look you, I set into him,
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescu'd him.
Fred. My work's done then:
And now to satisfy you there is a woman,
Oh, John! there is a woman—
John. Oh, where is she?
Fred. And one of no less worth than I told;
And which is more, fall'n under my protection.
John. I am glad of that; forward, sweet Frederick.
Fred. And which is more than that, by this night's wand'ring;
And which is most of all, she is at home too, sir.
John. Come, let's begone then.
Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, John.
John. Why?
Fred. She has sworn me,
That none else shall come near her; not my mother,
Till some doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her? What chamber is she in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go, I say:
A woman's oaths are wafers and break with making.
They must for modesty a little: We all know it.
Fred. No, I'll assure ye, sir.
John. Not see her!
I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederick,
Ye talk'd to me of wooing, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish ye.
Fred. When 'tis come

(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir.

John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?

Fred By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I'm answer'd;
But let me see her, tho': leave the door open
As you go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.

Fred. That courtesy,
If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye: come, 'tis now near morning.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Pet. Nay, the old woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a cater-wauling
Amongst the gutters. But conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be,

Pet. Where they should be,
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—

Ant. Ay, there it goes: my master's bo-peep with me,
With his sly popping in and out again,
A-gu'd a cause—Hark! [*Lute sounds.*

Pet. What?

Ant. Dost not hear a lute? Again!

Pet. Where is't?

Ant. Above, in my master's chamber.

Pet. There's no creature: he hath the key himself, Man.

Ant. This is his lute, let him have it.

[*Sings within a little.*

Pet. I grant ye; but who strikes it?

Ant. An admirable voice too, hark ye.

Pet. Anthony,
Art sure we are at home?

Ant. Without all doubt, Peter.

Pet. Then this must be the devil.

Ant. Let it be.
Good devil, sing again: O dainty devil,
Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil,
The sweetest devil——

Enter FREDERICK *and Don* JOHN.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.

John. I cannot by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly;
And as you love your faith, presume no further
Than ye have promis'd.

John. Basco.

Fred. What makes you up so early, sir?

John. You, sir, in your contemplations?

Pet. O pray ye peace, sir!

Fred. Why peace, sir?

Pet. Do you hear?

John. 'Tis your lute: she's playing on't.

Ant. The house is haunted, sir:
For this we have heard this half year.

Fred. Ye saw nothing?

Ant. Not I.

Pet. Nor I, sir.

Fred. Get your breakfast then,
And make no words on't: we'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.

Ant. This is no devil, Peter:
Mum! there be bats abroad. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Fred. Stay, now she sings.

John. An angel's voice, I'll swear.

Fred. Why dost thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat, or as I live,
I will not trust ye.

John. Pass, I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter 1st CONSTANTIA.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at fortune, to fall out with my fate,
And tax the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas! I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps or hurts; our own desires
Are our own fates, and our own stars all our fortune;
Which as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter FREDERICK *and Don* JOHN *peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out of the light.

Con. I crave your mercy, sir!
My mind, o'ercharg'd with care, made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray ye set that mind at rest, all shall be perfect.

John. I like the body rare; a handsome body,
A wond'rous handsome body; would she would turn:
See, and that spightful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be:
The gentleman is safely off all danger.

John. Rare creature!

Con. How shall I thank ye, sir? how satisfy?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt like marmalade.

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman that eyes e'er look'd on.

Fred. Has none disturb'd ye?

Con. Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me;
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
But the devil, and that flesh there o'th' world—
What are we made to suffer?

Fred. He'll enter—
Pull in your head and be hang'd.
John. Hark ye, Frederick,
I have brought you home your pack-saddle.
Fred. Pox upon ye.
Con. Nay, let him enter—Fie, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends.
Fred. Ye are cozen'd, lady,
Here is no duke.
Con. I know him full well, signior.
John. Hold thee there, wench.
Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.
Con. I do beseech your grace come in.
John. My grace!
There was a word of comfort.
Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?
John. Well follow'd, Frederick.
Con. With all my heart.

Enter Don JOHN.

Fred. Come in then.
John. Bless ye, lady.
Fred. Nay, start not; tho' he be a stranger to ye,
He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller;
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us: do not fear him,
He's truly honest.
John. That's a lie.

Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes: valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.
John. Now may I hang myself; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes: for now
Must I cry, no forsooth, and ay forsooth, and surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honest.
He's done these things for nonce too; for he knows,
Like a most envious rascal as he is,
I am not honest
This way: he'as watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him.
Con. Sir, I credit ye.
Fred. Go salute her, John.
John. Plague o' your commendations.
Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.
John. Never to me, sweet lady; thus I seal
My faith, and all my services.
Con. One word, signior.
John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest.
What points she at? My leg, I warrant; or
My well-knit body: sit fast, Don Frederick.
Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost i'th' scuffle.
Con. With much joy may he wear it; 'tis a right one,
I can assure ye, gentlemen, and right happy
May he be in all fights for that noble service.
Fred. Why do you blush?
Con. It had almost cozen'd me.

For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another owner of it: but 'tis well.
Fred. Who's there? [*Knocks within.*
Stand ye a little close. Come in, sir. [*Exit* Con.

Enter ANTHONY.

Now, what's the news with you?
Ant. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.
John. Who, sir?
Ant. I do not know, sir, but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.
Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser. [*Exit* Ant.
How do you like her, John?
John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I am honest; you shall find it too.
Fred. Art thou not honest?
John. Art thou an ass?
And modest as her blushes! What blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable;
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslack'd with service;
The same to-night, to-morrow night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures:

These had been things to hearken to, things catching;
But you have such a spiced consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things prick ye,
Which nature and the liberal world make custom;
And nothing but fair honour, O sweet honour,
Hang up your eunuch honour. That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest gentleman! O, wit, where was't thou?

Fred. I am sorry, John.

John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my cod-piece point: fie on thee,
A man of thy discretion!

Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth ye shall have your due.

Enter ANTHONY.

John. I look for't. How now, who is't?

Ant. A gentleman of this city,
And calls himself Petruchio.

John. I'll attend him.

Enter 1st CONSTANTIA.

Con. How did he call himself?

Fred. Petruchio.
Does it concern ye ought?

Con. O, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me,

I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin—
As ever ye have pity——
John. Do not fear.
Let the great devil come, he shall come thro' me first:
Lost here, and we about ye!
Fred. Fall before us!
Con. O my unfortunate estate; all angers
Compar'd to his, to his——
Fred. Let his and all men's,
Whilst we have power and life, stand up for Heaven's sake.
Con. I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven knows—
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts.
What is he?
Con. Too, too near my offence, sir:
O he will cut me piece-meal.
Fred. 'Tis no treason?
John. Let it be what it will? if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heaven, I'll fire the town before ye perish,
And then the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye.
Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.
John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet face for nothing! My return

Shall end all this, I warrant ye.

Con. Heaven grant it may. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a letter.*

Petr. This man should be of quality and worth
By Don Alvaro's letter, for he gives
No slight recommendations of him:
I'll e'en make use of him.

Enter Don JOHN.

John. Save ye, sir. I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, sir:
But is your name Don John?

John. It is, sir.

Petr. Then,
First for your own brave sake I must embrace ye:
Next, for the credit of your noble friend,
Hernanda de Alvara, make ye mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look ye out, and
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply ye, love and honour ye;
Which had I known sooner———

John. Noble sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword, sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. That manly courtesy is half my business, sir:

And to be short, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like oracle,
This day, Petruchio,
A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then,
I do beseech ye mark me.

John. I shall, sir.

Petr. Ferrara's Duke, would I might call him worthy,
But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy; this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house to stock our memories,
My sister Constantia and myself; with arts and witchcrafts,
Vows and such oaths Heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid by stealth,
And secret passages I knew not of.
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her,
I am asham'd to say the rest: this purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so.
He scap'd me yester-night;
Which if he dare again adventure for——

John. Pray, sir, what commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only thus; by word of mouth to carry him
A challenge from me, that so (if he have honour in him)
We may decide all difference between us.

John. Fair and noble,
And I will do it home. When shall I visit ye?

Petr. Please you this afternoon, I will ride with you,
For at the castle six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man shall wait here,
To conduct you to my house.

John. I shall not fail ye. [*Exit* Petr.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well, and better than thou couldst expect, for this wench here is certainly no maid: and I have hopes she is the same that our two curious coxcombs have been so long a hunting after.

Fred. Why do ye hope so?

John. Why, because first she is no maid, and next because she is handsome; there are two reasons for you: now do you find out a third, a better if you can. For take this Frederick for a certain rule, since she loves the sport, she'll never give it over; and therefore (if we have good luck) in time may fall to our share.

Fred. Very pretty reasons indeed! But I thought you had known some particular, that made you conclude this to be the woman.

John. Yes, I know her name is Constantia.

Fred. That now is something; but I cannot believe her dishonest for all this: she has not one loose thought about her.

John. It's no matter, she's loose i' th' hilts, by Heaven. There has been stirring, fumbling with linen, Frederick.

Fred. There may be such a slip.

John. And will be, Frederick, whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy too will prove her's I took up.

Fred. Good circumstances may cure all this yet.

John. There thou hit'st it, Frederick. Come, let's walk in, and comfort her—that she is here, is nothing yet suspected. Anon I shall tell thee why her brother came, (who by this light is a noble fellow) and what honour he has done to me, a stranger, in calling me to serve him. There be irons heating for some, on my word, Frederick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady and ANTHONY.

Landlady.

COME, sir, who is it keeps your master company?

Ant. I say to you, Don John.

Land. I say what woman?
Ant. I say so too.
Land. I say again, I will know.
Ant. I say 'tis fit you should.
Land. And I tell thee he has a woman here.
Ant. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.
Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frumpt up with a fool? Well, saucy, sirrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpose.
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these inflammations. If this geer hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the signiors,
Here you may have lewdness at livery.

Enter FREDERICK.

Ant. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.
Fred. How now?
What's the matter, Landlady?
Land. What's the matter!
Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abus'd her? You, sir?
Land. Od's my witness,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.
Ant. I gave her no ill language.
Land. Thou lest lewdly;
Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a mauken, a flirt gillian:
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you so, sirrah?

Ant. Let but the truth be known, sir, I beseech ye—
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil.

Ant. As I live, sir, she's ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get ye in, I'll answer ye anon, sir. [*Exit* Ant.
Now your grief, what is't? for I can guess——

Land. Ye may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst you—nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house: not satisfy'd
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too; my patience,
Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say, am willing to groan under,
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady: for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger,
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
For such a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, sir.

Fred. Leave off your devil's matins, and your melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.

Land. You have much need
To use the vagrant ways, and too much profit:
Ye had that might content,

(At home within yourselves too) right good, gentlemen,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome. But you, gallants,
Beast that I was to believe ye——
Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For as I live there's no such thing.
Land. Mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour——
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me
Are well enough: sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have ye entertain this lady
With all civility, she well deserves it,
Together with all service: I dare trust ye,
For I have found ye faithful. When you know her,
You will find your own fault; no more words, but do it.
Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don JOHN.

John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? By this hand
Thou look'st most amiably. Now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print there)
Venture my body with thee——
Land. You'll leave this roguery
When ye come to my years.
John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet; a mere girl,
Thou hast not half thy teeth——

Fred. Pr'ythee, John,
Let her alone, she has been vex'd already:
She'll grow stark mad, man,
John. I would fain see her mad.
An old mad woman—
Fred. Pr'ythee, be patient.
John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with tooth-ache;
She makes the rarest faces——
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.
[*Exit Landlady, and comes back again presently.*
John. What, agen!
Nay, then it is decreed; tho' hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas, to guard thee, I would through.
Land. Odd's my witness, if you ruffle me, I'll spoil your sweet face for you, that I will. Go, go to the door, there's a gentleman there would speak with ye.
John. Upon my life, Petruchio. Good, dear Landlady, carry him into the dining-room, and I'll wait upon him presently.
Land. Well, Don John, the time will come that I shall be even with you. [*Exit.*
John. I must be gone; yet if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust
A cat with sweet milk, Frederick. By her face,

Enter 1st CONSTANTIA.

I feel her fears are working.
Con. Is there no way,

I do beseech ye, think yet, to divert
This certain danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible:
Their honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less.

John. Lady, were't my own cause,
I could dispense; but loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on, tho' general massacres
As much I fear——

Con. Do you hear, Sir? for Heaven's sake,
Let me request one favour of you.

Fred. Yes, any thing.

Con. This gentleman I find is too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper,
A noble disposition, like wish'd showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.

Fred. I will do it:
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour. Hark ye, John,
I will go with ye.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will——
Ye go upon a hazard—no denial—
For as I live I'll go.

John. Then make ye ready,
For I am straight on horseback.

Fred. My sword on, and
I am as ready as you. What my best labour,
With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect a fair end: the old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon ye; she is discreet and secret,
Ye may trust her in all points.

Con. Ye are noble;
And so I take my leave.

John. I hope, lady, a happy issue for all this.

Con. All heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers.

John. So,
Now my mind's at rest.

Fred. Away, 'tis late, John. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONIO, *Surgeon and a Gentleman.*

Gent. What symptoms do ye find in him?

Sur. None, sir, dangerous, if he'd be ruled.

Gent. Why, what does he do?

Sur. Nothing that he should. First, he will let no liquor down but wine, and then he has a fancy that he must be dressed always to the tune of John Dory.

Gent. How, to the tune of John Dory?

Sur. Why, he will have fidlers, and make them play and sing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd fancy indeed.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Sur. I told ye so——'Tis death, sir.

Ant. 'Tis a horse, sir. Dost thou think I shall recover with the help of barley-water only?

Gent. Fie, Antonio, you must be governed.

Ant. Why sir, he feeds me with nothing but rotten roots and drowned chickens, stewed *pericraniums* and *pia-maters*;* and when I go to bed (by Heaven 'tis true, sir) he rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em, that I am just the man i'th' almanack, my head and face is in Aries' place.

Sur. Will it please ye, to let your friends see you opened.

Ant. Will it please you, sir, to give me a brimmer? I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.

Sur. How, a brimmer?

Ant. Why look ye, sir, thus I am used still; I can get nothing that I want. In how long time canst thou cure me?

Sur. In forty days.

Ant. I'll have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty. In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do it: that's the shorter, and there's more delight in it.

Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business—this foolish fellow hinders himself—I have a dozen rascals to hurt within these five days. Good man-mender, stop me up with parsley, like stuffed beef, and let me walk abroad.

Sur. You shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently, sir, and leave your sallads there, your green salves, and your oils; I'll to my old diet again, strong food, and rich wine, and try what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old fellow I ever met with. [*Exeunt.*

Enter 1*st* CONSTANTIA *and Landlady.*

Con. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
Those gentlemen know of me. But are they
such strange creatures, say you?

Land. There's the younger,
Don John, the errant'st Jack in all this city:
The other time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'er-flown, and freely, on the quarry—
Has been a dragon in his days. But, Tarmont,
Don Jenken, is the devil himself—the dog-days—
The most incomprehensible whore-master——
Twenty a night is nothing: the truth is,
Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not,
He flies at all—bastards, upon my conscience,
He has now in making multitudes—The last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak vessels. Some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing cloth
No less than crimson velvet.

Con. How!

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy; deliberation,
And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him.
He's as well plac'd for that sport——

Con. May I see it?
For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it.
But what do you think of these men, now ye know 'em?
Be wise,
Ye may repent too late else; I but tell ye
For your own good, and as you will find it, lady.

Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of: be ready.
Don John, I'll fit ye for your frumps.

Con. "It shall be."
But shall I see this child?

Land. Within this half hour.
Let's in, and think better. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, *Don* JOHN, *and* FREDERICK.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman
(If I that so much love him may commend him)
That's full of honour; and one, if foul play

Should fall upon us, (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for filips.

Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay, what troop
Is that below i' th' valley there?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so; 'tis the duke, 'tis even he, gentlemen.
Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call ye.
I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too,
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still,
Within that covert, till I call. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him. To your places.

Petr. I need no more instruct ye.

John. Fear me not. [*Exeunt* Petr. *and* Fred.

Enter DUKE *and his faction.*

Duke. Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to-day. O my blest fortune,
Have I so fairly met the man?

John. Ye have, sir,
And him ye know by this.

Duke. Sir, all the honour,
And love——

John. I do beseech your grace stay there.
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye.
Now, sir, be plain.
John. I will, and short.
Ye have wrong'd a gentleman beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.
Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?
John. Petruchio;
The wrong, ye have dishonoured his sister.
Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me a little. This gentleman's
Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd;
As true I have enjoy'd her: no less truth,
I have a child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures;
I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,
And him in this cause when he pleases; for know, sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven;
(A witness I owe more tie to than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous nature.
John. Your pardon, sir, I am fully satisfied.
Duke. Dear sir, I knew I should convert ye.
Had we but that rough man here now to——
John. And ye shall, sir.
What, hoa, hoa!
Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush?

Enter PETRUCHIO.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother, welcome.
Come, put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly; the first priest
Shall put ye out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love ye,
And I beseech ye, pardon my suspicions;
You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's over-joy'd!

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now goes it?

John. Why the man has his mare again, and all's well.
The duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen. I must present ye.
May it please your grace,
To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, among the rest of your servants.

Duke. O my brave friend, you shower your bounties on me.
Amongst my best thoughts, signior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May freely place your friend.

Fred. Your grace does me a great deal of honour.

Petr. Why this is wond'rous happy. But now, brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet——Constantia——

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know.
Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house, but whether——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more, good sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay, sink not,
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen:
Be free again, the lady's found. That smile, sir,
Shews you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech ye——

John. Ye shall believe me; by my soul she's safe.

Duke. Heaven knows I would believe, sir.

Fred. Ye may safely.

John. And under noble usage. This gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. Ye may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,

For ye have both preserv'd me; when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good your grace,
Lose no more time in compliments, 'tis too precious;
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and a Man.*

Fran. This is the maddest mischief—never fool was so fobb'd off as I am—made ridiculous, and to myself, to my own ass——trust a woman! I'll trust the devil first, for he dares me better than his word sometimes. Pray tell me, in what observance have I ever fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let me consider——

Enter Don FREDERICK *and* JOHN.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet Constantia and this woman?

Fred. Constantia! What are these fellows? Stay by all means.

Man. Why, sir, I met her in the great street that

comes from the market-place, just at the turning, by a goldsmith's shop.

Fred. Stand still, John.

Fran. Well, Constantia has spun herself a fair thread now: what will her best friends think of this?

Fred. John, I smell some juggling, John.

John. Yes, Frederick, I fear it will be proved so.

Fran. But what should the reason be, dost think, of this so sudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why, truly I suspect she has been entic'd to it by a stranger.

John. Did you mark that, Frederick?

Fran. Stranger! who?

Man. A young gentleman that's newly come to town.

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, sir.

Fran. Why do ye think so?

Man. I heard her grave conductress twattle something as they went along, that makes me guess it.

John. 'Tis she, Frederick.

Fred. But who that he is, John?

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt them out, for they must certainly be about the town. Ha! no more words. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Francisco *and Man.*

Fred. Well.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. Ye have no more of these tricks;

John. Ten to one, sir, I shall meet with them if ye have.

Fred. Is this fair?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double? I am no ass, Don Frederick.

Fred. And, Don John, it shall appear I am no fool: disgrace me to make yourself thus every woman's courtesy; 'tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false; I privy to this dog-trick! Clear yourself, for I know well enough where the wind sits; or as I have a life— [*Trampling within.*

Fred. No more; they are coming; shew no discontent, let's quietly away. If she be at home, our jealousies are over; if not, you and I must have a farther parley, John.

John. Yes, Don Frederick, ye may be sure we shall. But where are these fellows? Pox on't, we have lost them too in our spleens, like fools.

Enter DUKE *and* PETRUCHIO.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, let's go a little faster;
Suppose you have all mistresses, and mend
Your pace accordingly.

John. Sir, I should be as glad of a mistress as another man.

Fred. Yes, o' my conscience wouldst thou, and of any other man's mistress too, that I'll answer for.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONIO *and his Man.*

Ant. With all my gold?

Man. The trunk broken open, and all gone.

Ant. And the mother in the plot?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the devil and all; the mighty pox go with them. Belike they thought I was no more of this world, and those trifles would but disturb my conscience.

Man. Sure they thought, sir, you would not live to disturb them.

Ant. Well, my sweet mistress, I'll try how handsomely your ladyship can hang upon a pair of gallows; there's your master-piece. No imagination where they should be?

Man. None, sir; yet we have searched all places we suspected; I believe they have taken towards the port.

Ant. Get me then a water-conjuror, one that can raise water-devils. I'll port them! play at duck and drake with my money! Get me a conjuror, I say; inquire out a man that lets out devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every street, Tom Fool; any blear-ey'd people with red heads and flat noses can perform it. Thou shalt know them by their half gowns, and no breeches. Find me out a conjuror, I say, and learn his price, how he will let his devils out by the day. I'll have them again if they be above ground.

[*Exeunt*

Enter DUKE, PETRUCHIO, FREDERICK, *and Don* JOHN.

Petr. Your grace is welcome now to Naples, so ye are all, gentlemen.

John. Don Frederick, will you step in, and give the lady notice who comes to visit her?

Petr. Bid her make haste; we come to see no curious wench, a night-gown will serve our turn. Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, sir. [*Exit.*

Petr. Now will the sport be, to observe her alterations, how betwixt fear and joy she will behave herself.

Duke. Dear brother, I must intreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, sir—I will not chide her.

Enter FREDERICK *and* PETER.

John. How now?

Fred. You may, sir; not to abuse your patience, longer, nor hold ye off with tedious circumstances; for ye must know——

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, sir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, sir?

Fred. Gone; by Heaven removed. The woman of the house too.

Petr. What, that reverend old woman that tired me with compliments?

Fred. The very same.

John. Well, Don Frederick.

Fred. Don John, it is not well—But——

Petr. Gone!

Fred. This fellow can satisfy I lie not.

Pet. A little after my master was departed, sir, with this gentleman, my fellow and myself being sent on business, as we must think on purpose——

Petr. Hang these circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill ends.

John. Now could I eat that rogue, I am so angry. Gone!

Petr. Gone!

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted; what would you have me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom, sir, I would not be a knave.

John. He that is, a rot run in his blood.

Petr. But, hark ye, gentlemen, are you sure you had her here? Did you not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, sir?

Petr. Yes, sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since ye are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

John. Well, sir, let it suffer.

Fred. How to convince ye, sir, I can't imagine; but my life shall justify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus then——for we may be all abused.

Petr. 'Tis possible.

Duke. Here let's part until to-morrow this time; we to our way to clear this doubt, and you to yours: pawning our honours then to meet again; when if she be not found—

Fred. We stand engag'd to answer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To-morrow certain.

John. If we out-live this night, sir.

[*Exeunt* Duke *and* Petruchio.

Fred. Come, Don John, we have somewhat now to do.

John. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die—

John. There's so much money saved in letchery.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter 2d CONSTANTIA, *and her Mother.*

Mother.

HOLD, Cons, hold, for goodness hold, I am in that desertion of spirit for want of breath, that I am al-

most reduced to the necessity of not being able to defend myself against the inconvenience of a fall.

2d Con. Dear mother, let us go a little faster to secure ourselves from Antonio: for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, till we are safe a ship-board, and out of sight of the shore.

Moth. Out of sight o' the shore! why, d'ye think I'll depatriate?

2d Con. Depratiate! what's that?

Moth. Why, ye fool you, leave my country: what will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar road?

2d Con. O Lord, this hard word will undo us.

Moth. As I am a Christian, if it were to save my honour (which is ten thousand times dearer to me than my life) I would not be guilty of so odious a thought.

2d Con. Pray, mother, since your honour is so dear to ye, consider that if we are taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Moth. Ay, Girl; but what will the world say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we would depatriate?

2d Con. Ay, there's it; the world! why, mother, the world does not care a pin, if both you and I were hang'd; and that we shall be certainly, if Antonio takes us, for running away with his gold.

Moth. Protest I care not, I'll ne'er depart from the [illegible]rches of a person of quality; and let come what [illegible] I shall rather choose to submit myself to my

fate, than strive to prevent by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree, to the steps and measures of a strict practitioner of honour.

2d Con. Would not this make one stark mad? Her style is not more out of the way, than her manner of reasoning: she first sells me to an ugly old fellow, then she runs away with me and all his gold, and now, like a strict practitioner of honour, resolves to be taken, rather than depratiate, as she calls it. [*Aside.*

Moth. As I am a Christian, Cons, here's a tavern, and a very decent sign: I'll in, I am resolv'd, tho' by it I should run a risco of never so supendous a nature.

2d Con. There's no stopping her. What shall I do?

Moth. I'll send for my kinswoman and some music to revive me a little: for really, Cons, I am reduced to that sad imbecility by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I'm in a great incertitude, whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the stairs, or no. [*Exit.*

2d Con. This sinning without pleasure, I cann[ot] endure: to have always remorse, and ne'er do [a] thing that should cause it, is intolerable. If I lo[se] money too, which I think I don't, my mother she[ll] all that: I have nothing to comfort mys[elf] with Antonio's stiff beard; and that alone, for a w[ife] of my years, is but a sorry kind of entertainmen[t] wonder why these old fumbling fellows should tr[ouble] themselves so much, only to trouble us more. [illegible] can do nothing, but put us in mind of our g[rave]

Well, I'll no more on't; for to be frighted with death and damnation both at once, is a little too hard. I do here vow I'll live for ever chaste, or find out some handsome young fellow I can love; I think that's the better. [*Mother looks out at the window.*

Moth. Come up, Cons, the fiddles are here.

2d Con. I come—— [*Mother goes from the window.* I must be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell. These fiddles, and her discreet companions, will quickly make an end of all she has stolen; and then five hundred new pieces sell me to another old fellow. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing: yet I am so, better than under her conduct: 'twill be at worst but begging for my life.

And starving were to me an easier fate,
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.

[*Goes up to her Mother.*

Enter Don JOHN.

John. It will not out of my head, but that Don Frederick has sent away this wench, for all he carries it so gravely; yet methinks he should be honester than so: but these grave men are never touch'd upon such occasions. Mark it when you will, and you'll find a grave man, especially if he pretend to be a precise man, will do ye forty things without remorse, that would startle one of us mad fellows to think of. Because they are familiar with Heaven in their prayers, they think they may be bold with it in any thing.

now we that are not so well acquainted, bear greater reverence. [*Music plays above.*

What's here, music and women? Wou'd I had one of 'em. [*One of 'em looks out at the window.*

That's a whore; I know it by her smile. O' my conscience, take a woman masked and hooded, nay cover'd all o'er, so that you cannot see one bit of her, and at twelvescore yards distance, if she be a whore, as ten to one she is, I shall know it certainly; I have an instinct within me ne'er fails. [*Another looks out.* Ah, rogue! she's right too I'm sure on't.

Moth. above. Come, come, let's dance in t'other room, 'tis a great deal better.

John. Say you so; what now if I should go up and dance too? It is a tavern; pox o'this business: I'll in, I am resolv'd, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em.

As he goes to the door, 2*d* CONSTANTIA *enters.*

See here's one bolted already; fair lady, whither so fast?

2*d Con.* I don't know, sir.

John. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2*d Con.* Yes, if you please, sir.

John. Whither;

2*d Con.* I tell you, I don't know.

John. She's very quick. Would I might be so happy as to know you, lady.

2*d Con.* I dare not let you see my face, sir.

John. Why?

2d Con. For fear you should not like it, and then leave me; for to tell ye true, I have at this present very great need of you.

John. If thou hast half so much need of me, as I have of thee, lady, I'll be content to be hanged tho'.

2d Con. It's a proper handsome fellow this, if he'd but love me now, I would never seek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the world.

John. Nay, if thou art young, it's no great matter what thy face is.

2d Con. Perhaps this freedom in me may seem strange; but, sir, in short, I'm forced to fly from one I hate; if I should meet him, will you here promise he shall not take me from you.

John. Yes, that I will before I see your face, your shape has charmed me enough for that already; if any one takes ye from me, lady, I'll give him leave to take from me two—(I was going to name 'em) certain things of mine, that I would not lose, now I have you in my power, for all the gems in Christendom.

2d Con. For heaven's sake then conduct me to some place, where I may be secured awhile from the sight of any one whatsoever.

John. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy shape, I will.

2d Con. Well, sir, I believe ye; for you have an honest look.

John. Shd! I am afraid Don Frederick has been

giving her a character of me too. Come, pray unmask.

2d Con. Then turn away your face; for I'm resolved you shall not see a bit of mine till I have set it in order; and then——

John. What?

2d Con. I'll strike you dead.

John. A mettled whore, I warrant her; come, if she be now young, and have but a nose on her face, she'll be as good as her word. I'm e'en panting for breath already.

2d Con. Now stand your ground, if you dare.

John. By this light a rare creature! ten thousand times handsomer than her we seek for! This can be sure no common one: pray Heaven she be a whore.

2d Con. Well, sir, what say you now?

John. Nothing; I'm so amazed I am not able to speak. I'd best fall too presently, tho' it be in the street, for fear of losing time. Pr'ythee, my dear sweet creature, go with me into that corner, that thou and I may talk a little in private.

2d Con. No, sir, no private dealing, I beseech you.

John. 'Sheart, what shall I do? I'm out of my wits for her. Hark ye, my dear soul, canst thou love me?

2d Con. If I could, what then?

John. Why you know what then, and then should I be the happiest man alive.

2d Con. Ay, so you all say, till you have your desires, and then you leave us.

John. But, my dear heart, I am not made like other men: I never can love heartily till I have——

2d Con. Got their maidenheads; but suppose now I should be no maid.

John. Pr'ythee suppose me nothing, but let me try.

2d Con. Nay, good sir, hold.

John. No maid! Why, so much the better, thou art then the more experienced; for my part, I hate a bungler at any thing.

2d Con. O dear, I like this fellow strangely. Hark ye, sir, I am not worth a groat, but tho' you should not be so neither, if you'll but love me, I'll follow ye all the world over: I'll work for ye, beg for ye, do any thing for ye, so you'll promise to do nothing with any body else.

John. O heavens, I'm in another world, this wench sure was made on purpose for me, she is so just of my humour. My dear, 'tis impossible for me to say how much I will do for thee, or with thee, thou sweet bewitching woman; but let's make haste home, or I shall ne'er be able to hold out till I come thither.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* FRANCISCO.

Fred. And art thou sure it was Constantia, say'st thou, that he was leading?

Fran. Am I sure I live, sir? Why, I dwelt in the house with her; how can I choose but know her?

Fred. But didst thou see her face?

Fran. Lord, sir, I saw her face as plainly as I see yours just now, not two streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis even so: I suspected it at first, but then he forswore it with that confidence—Well, Don John, if these be your practices, you shall have no more a friend of me, sir, I assure you. Perhaps tho' he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her brother, and the Duke.

Enter Don JOHN *and 2d* CONSTANTIA.

A little time will shew—God-so, here he is;
I'll step behind this shop, and observe what he says.

John. Here now go in, and make me for ever happy.

Fred. Dear Don John.

John. A pox o' your kindness. How the devil comes he here just at this time? Now will he ask me forty foolish questions, and I have such a mind to this wench, that I cannot think of one excuse for my life.

Fred. Your servant, sir: pray who's that you locked in just now at the door?

John. Why a friend of mine that's gone up to read a book.

Fred. A book! that's a quaint one i'faith: pr'ythee, Don John, what library hast thou been buying this afternoon? for i' the morning, to my knowledge, thou hadst never a book there, except it were an almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

John. No, no, it's a book of his own, he brought along with him: a scholar that's given to reading.

Fred. And do scholars, Don John, wear petticoats now-a-days?

John. Plague on him, he has seen her—Well, Don Frederick, thou know'st I am not good at lying; 'tis a woman, I confess it, make your best on't: what then?

Fred. Why then, Don John, I desire you'll be pleased to let me see her.

John. Why faith, Frederick, I should not be against the thing, but ye know a man must keep his word, and she has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, John, you may remember when I met a lady so before, this very self-same lady too, that I got leave for you to see her, John.

John. Why, do you think then that this here is Constantia?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it, John, because I know it; this fellow here saw her as you led her i' th' streets.

John. Well, and what then? Who does he say it is?

Fred. Ask him, sir, and he'll tell ye.

John. Sweet-heart, dost thou know this lady?

Fran I think I should, sir; I have lived long enough in the house to know her sure.

John. And how do they call her, pr'ythee?

Fran. Constantia.

John. How! Constantia.

Fran. Yes, sir, the woman's name is Constantia, that's flat.

John. Is it so, sir? and so is this too. [*Strikes him.*

Fran. Oh, Oh! [*Runs out.*

John. Now, sirrah, you may safely say you have not borne false witness for nothing.

Fred. Fie, Don John, why do you beat the poor fellow for doing his duty, and telling truth?

John. Telling truth! thou talk'st as if thou hadst been hir'd to bear false witness too: you are a very fine gentleman.

Fred. What a strange confidence he has! but is there no shame in thee? nor any consideration of what is just or honest, to keep a woman thus against her will, that thou knowest is in love with another man too? Dost think a judgment will not follow this?

John. Good, dear Frederick, do thou keep thy sentences and thy morals for some better opportunity; this here is not a fit subject for them: I tell thee, she is no more Constantia than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me see her then?

John. Because I can't: besides, she's not for thy turn.

Fred. How so?

John. Why, thy genius lies another way; thou art for flames and darts, and those fine things: now I am for the old, plain, downright way; I am not so curious, Frederick, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, sir; but is this worthy in you, to endeavour to debauch——

John. But is there no shame? but is this worthy? What a many buts are here? If I should tell thee

now solemnly thou hast but one eye, and give thee reasons for it, wouldst thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, sir, against my own knowledge.

John. Then why dost thou, with that grave face, go about to persuade me against mine? You should do as you would be done by, Frederick.

Fred. And so I will, sir, in this very particular, since there's no other remedy; I shall do that for the Duke and Petruchio, which I should expect from them upon the like occasion: in short, to let you see I am as sensible of my honour, as you can be careless of yours; I must tell ye, sir, that I'm resolved to wait upon this lady to them.

John. Are ye so, sir? Why, I must then, sweet sir, tell you again, I am resolved you sha'nt. Ne'er stare nor wonder, I have promised to preserve her from the sight of any one whatsoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good: but that you may not think I mean an injury to Petruchio, or the Duke, know, Don Frederick, that tho' I love a wench perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's base as much as you do. Once more upon my honour, this is not Constantia; let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do—— [*Goes to the door.*

John. No! why then this shall. [*Draws.*] Come not one step nearer, for if thou dost, by Heaven, it is thy last.

Fred. This is an insolence beyond the temper of a man to suffer——Thus I throw off thy friendship,

and since thy folly has provoked my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to save thyself.

John. That's to be tried, sir, tho' by your favour [*Looks up to the windows*] Mistress What-you call-'em —pr'ythee look out now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, sir, are you ready?

John. O lord, sir, your servant. [*Fight.*

Enter DUKE *and* PETRUCHIO.

Petr. What's here, fighting? Let's part 'em. How! Don Frederick against Don John! How came you to fall out, gentlemen? What's the cause?

Fred. Why, sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock Constantia up into that house, and I desired to wait upon her to you; that's the cause.

Duke. O, it may be he designed to lay the obligation upon us himself, sir. We are beholden to you for this favour beyond all possibility of——

John. Pray, sir, do not throw away your thanks before you know whether I have deserved them or no. Oh, is that your design? Sir, you must not go in there. [Petruchio's *going to the door.*

Petr. How, sir! not go in?

John. No, sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my sister, and I will speak with her.

John. If she were your mother, sir, you should not, tho' it were but to ask your blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive I'll try.

John. You shall find me a man of my word, sir.

[*Fight.*

Duke. Nay, pray gentlemen hold, let me compose this matter. Why do you make a scruple of letting us see Constantia?

John. Why, sir, 'twould turn a man's head round to hear these fellows talk so; there is not one word true of all that he has said.

Duke. Then you do not know where Constantia is?

John. Not I, by heavens.

Fred. O monstrous impudence! Upon my life, sir, I saw him shut her up into that house, and know his temper so, that if I had not stopped him, I dare swear by this time he would have ravished her.

John. Now that is two lies; for first, he did not see her; and next, the lady I led in, is not to be ravished, she is so willing.

Duke. But look ye, sir, this doubt may easily be cleared; let either Petruchio or I but see her, and if she be not Constantia, we engage our honours (tho' we should know her) never to discover who she is.

John. Ay, but there's the point now that I can never consent to.

Duke. Why?

John. Because I gave her my word to the contrary.

Duke. And did you never break your word with a woman.

John. Never before I lay with her; and that's the case now.

Petr. Pish, I won't be kept off thus any longer: sir, either let me enter or I'll force my way.

Fred. No, pray sir, let that be my office: I will be revenged on him for having betrayed me to his friendship. [Pet. *and* Fred. *offer to fight with* John.

Duke. Nay, ye shall not offer him foul play neither. Hold, brother, pray a word; and with you too, sir.

John. Pox on't, would they would make an end of this business, that I might be with her again. Hark ye, gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair proposition, leave off this ceremony among yourselves, and those dismal threats against me; filip up cross or pile who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about somebody's ears for the loss of my gold. Ha! what's here to do, swords drawn? I must make one, tho' it cost me the singing of ten John Dorio's more. Courage, brave boy, I'll stand by thee as long as this tool here lasts: and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? Antonio! O, sir, you are welcome, you shall be even judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, sir, I thank ye; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm resolved to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your swords, or by this hand I'll lay about me.

John. Well said, old Bilboa, i'faith.

[*They put up their swords.*

Petr. Pray hear us, tho': this gentleman saw him lock up my sister into that house, and he refuses to let us see her.

Ant. How, friend, is this true?

John. Nay, good sir, let not our friendship be broken before it is well made. Look ye, gentlemen, to shew ye that you are all mistaken, and that my formal friend there is an ass———

Fred. I thank you, sir.

John. I'll give you my consent that this gentleman here shall see her, if his information can satisfy you.

Duke. Yes, yes; he knows her very well.

John. Then, sir, go in here, if you please: I dare trust him with her, for he is too old to do her either good or harm.

Fred. I wonder how my gentleman will get off from all this.

John. I shall be even with you, sir, another time, for all your grinning.

Enter a Servant.

How now? Where is he?

Ser. He's run out of the back-door, sir.

John. How so?

Ser. Why, sir, he's run after the gentlewoman you brought in.

John. 'Sdeath, how durst you let her out?

Ser. Why, sir, I knew nothing.

John. No, thou ignorant rascal, and therefore I'll beat something into thee. [*Beats him.*

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

John. Nay, come not near me, for if thou dost, by heavens, I'll give thee as much; and would do so however, but that I won't lose time from looking after my dear sweet——a pox confound you all.

[*Goes in, and shuts the door after him.*

Duke. What, he has shut the door!

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back way, by that corner, where we shall meet him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO'S *Servant, Constable and Officers.*

Servant.

A YOUNG woman, say'st thou, and her mother?

Man. Yes, just now come to the house; not an hour ago.

Ser. It must be they: here, friend, here's money for you; be sure you take 'em, and I'll reward you better when you have done.

Const. But, neighbour, ho——hup——shall I now —hup——know these parties? for I would——hup ——execute my office——hup——like——hup——a sober person.

Man. That's hard; but you may easily know the mother, for she is——hup——drunk.

Const. Nay——hup——if she be drunk, let—hup——me alone to maul her; for——hup——I abhor a drunkard——hup——let it be man, woman, or——hup——child.

Man. Ay, neighbour, one may see you hate drinking indeed.

Const. Why, neighbour——hup——did you ever see me drunk? Answer me that question: did you ever——hup——see me drunk?

Man. No, never, never; come away, here's the house. [*Exeunt.*

Enter 1*st.* CONSTANTIA.

Con. Oh, whither shall I run to hide myself: the constable has seized the landlady, and I am afraid the poor child too. How to return to Don Frederick's house, I know not; and if I knew, I durst not, after those things the landlady has told me of him. If I get not from this drunken rabble, I expose my honour; and if I fall into my brother's hands, I lose my life: you powers above, look down and help me: I am faulty I confess, but greater faults have often met with lighter punishments.

Then let not heavier yet on me be laid;
Be what I will, I'm still what you have made.

Enter Don JOHN.

John. I'm almost dead with running, and will be so quite, but I will overtake her.

Con. Hold, Don John, hold.

John. Who's that? ha! is it you, my dear?

Con. For heaven's sake, sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

John. Phoo, pox, this is the other: now could I almost beat her, for but making me the proposition. Madam, there are some a coming, that will do it a great deal better; but I am in such haste, that I vow to gad, madam——

Con. Nay, pray sir, stay, you are concerned in this as well as I; for your woman is taken.

John. Ha! my woman? [*Goes back to her.* I vow to gad, madam, I do so highly honour your ladyship, that I would venture my life a thousand times to do you service. But pray where is she?

Con. Why, sir, she is taken by the constable.

John. Constable! Which way went he? [*Rashly.*

Con. I cannot tell, for I run out into the streets just as he had seized upon your landlady.

John. Plague o' my landlady, I meant t'other woman.

Con. Other woman, sir! I have seen no other woman, never since I left your house!

John. S'heart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your most humble——

Con. Good sir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this distress.

John. No, no, no, I'm only going a little way, and will be back again presently.

Con. But pray, sir, hear me, I'm in that danger—

John. No, no, no; I vow to gad, madam, no danger i'th' world. Let me alone, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Con. He's gone, and I a lost, wretched, miserable creature, for ever.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. O, there she is.

Con. Who's this? Antonio! the fiercest enemy I have.

Ant. Are ye so nimble footed, gentlewoman? If I don't overtake you for all this, it shall go hard——

She'll break my wind, with a pox to her:
A plague confound all whores! [*Exit.*

Enter Mother to the 2*d* CONSTANTIA, *and Kinswoman.*

Kins. But, madam, be not so angry; perhaps she'll come again.

Moth. O kinswoman, never speak of her more; for she's an odious creature to leave me thus i'th' lurch. I that have given her all her breeding, and instructed her with my own principles of education.

Kins. I protest, madam, I think she's a person that knows as much of all that as——

Moth. Knows, kinswoman! there's ne'er a woman in Italy, of thrice her years, knows so much the procedures of a true gallantry; and the infallible principles of an honourable friendship, as she does.

Kins. And therefore, madam, you ought to love her.

Moth. No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I am a christian. When once a person fails in fundamentals,

she's at a period with me. Besides, with all her wit, Constantia is but a fool, and calls all the *mignarderies* of a *bonne mien*, affectation.

Kins. Indeed, I must confess, she's given a little too much to the careless way.

Moth. Ay, there you have hit it, kinswoman; the careless way has quite undone her. Will ye believe me, kinswoman? as I am a christian, I never could make her do this, nor carry her body thus, but just when my eye was upon her; as soon as ever my back was turned, whip her elbows were quite out again: would not you strange now at this?

Kins. Bless me, sweet goodness! But, pray, madam, how came Constantia to fall out with your ladyship? Did she take any thing ill of you?

Moth. As I am a christian I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the dance first; but for that she must excuse me; I know she dances well, but there are others who perhaps understand the right swim of it as well as she:

Enter Don FREDERICK.

And tho' I love Constantia——

Fred. How's this? Constantia!

Moth. I know no reason why I should be debarred the privilege of shewing my own parts too sometimes.

Fred. If I am not mistaken, that other woman is she Don John and I were directed to, when we came first to town, to bring us acquainted with Constantia.

I'll try to get some intelligence from her. Pray, lady, have I never seen you before?

Kins. Yes, sir, I think you have, with another stranger, a friend of yours, one day as I was coming out of the church.

Fred. I am right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Moth. Why, sir, of an inconsiderate inconsiderable person, that has at once both forfeited the honour of my concern, and the concern of her own honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed! and is all this intended for the beautiful Constantia?

Moth. O fie upon her, sir! an odious creature, as I'm a christian, no beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your ladyship think her handsome?

Moth. Seriously, sir, I don't think she's ugly; but as I'm a christian, my position is, that no true beauty can be lodged in that creature, who is not in some measure buoy'd up with a just sense of what is incumbent to the devoir of a person of quality.

Fred. That position, madam, is a little severe: but however she has been incumbent formerly, as your ladyship is pleased to say; now that she's marry'd, and her husband owns the child, she is sufficiently justified for all she has done.

Moth. Sir, I must blushingly beg leave to say you are there in an error. I know there has been passages of love between 'em, but with a temperament so innocent and so refined, as it did impose a nega-

tive upon the very possibility of her being with child.

Fred. Sure, she is not well acquainted with her. Pray, madam, how long have you known Constantia?

Moth. Long enough, I think, sir, for I had the good fortune, or rather the ill one, to help her first to the light of the world.

Fred. Now cannot I discover by the fineness of this dialect, whether she be the mother or the midwife: I had better ask t'other woman.

Moth. No, sir, I assure ye, my daughter Constantia has never had a child: a child! ha, ha, ha! O goodness save us, a child!

Fred. O, then she is the mother, and it seems is not informed of the matter. Well, madam, I shall not dispute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon your daughter; for her friend, I assure ye, is in great impatience to see her.

Moth. Friend, sir, I know none she has. I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Moth. Why, of Antonio, sir, he that you were pleased to say had got my daughter with child, sir; ha, ha, ha!

Fred. Still worse and worse. 'Slife! cannot she be content with not letting me understand her; but must also resolve obstinately not to understand me, because I speak plain? Why, madam, I cannot express myself your way, therefore be not offended at me for it. I tell you I do not know Antonio, nor ne-

ver named him to you? I told you that the duke has owned Constantia for his wife, that her brother and he are friends, and are both now in search after her.

Moth. Then as I'm a christian, I suspect we have both been equally involved in the misfortune of a mistake. Sir, I am in the dernier confusion to avow, that tho' my daughter Constantia has been liable to several addresses; yet she never has had the honour to be produced to his grace.

Fred. So then you put her to bed to——

Moth. Antonio, sir, one whom my ebb of fortune forced me to enter into a negociation with, in reference to my daughter's person; but as I'm a christian, with that candour in the action, as I was in no kind denied to be a witness of the thing.

Fred. So now the thing is out. This is a damn'd bawd, and I as damn'd a rogue for what I did to Don John; for o' my conscience, this is that Constantia the fellow told me of. I'll make him amends, whate'er it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your daughter, for some reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Moth. Sir, I am so highly your obligee for the manner of your enquiries, and you have grounded your determinations upon so just a basis, that I shall not be ashamed to own myself a votary to all your commands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter 2d CONSTANTIA.

2*d Con.* So I'm once more freed from Antonio: but

whither to go now, that's the question: nothing troubles me, but that he was sent up by that young fellow, for I liked him with my soul, would he had liked me so too.

Enter Don JOHN, *and a Shop-keeper.*

John. Which way went she?

Shop. Who?

John. The woman.

Shop. What woman?

John. Why, a young woman, a handsome woman, the handsomest woman thou ever saw'st in thy life; speak quickly, sirrah, or thou shalt speak no more.

Shop. Why, yonder's a woman: what a devil ails this fellow. [*Exit.*

John. O my dear soul, take pity on me, and give me comfort; for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2d Con. O you're a fine gentleman indeed, to shut me up in your house, and send another man to me.

John. Pray hear me.

2d Con. No, I will never hear you more after such an injury: what would ye have done, if I had been kind to ye, that could use me thus before?

John. By my troth that's shrewdly urg'd.

2d Con. Besides, you basely broke your word.

John. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old fellow up, who came to my rescue, they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2d Con. Faith it may be it was so, for I remember I heard a noise; but suppose it was not so, what then? Why then I'll love him however. Hark ye, sir, I ought now to use you very scurvily. But I can't find in my heart to do it.

John. Then God's blessing on thy heart for it.

2d Con. But a——

John. What?

2d Con. I would fain——

John. Ay, so would I: come let's go.

2d Con. I would fain know, whether you can be kind to me?

John. That thou shalt presently. Come away.

2d Con. And will you always?

John. Always! I can't say so: but I will as often as I can.

2d Con. Phoo! I mean love me.

John. Well, I mean that too.

2d Con. Swear then.

John. That I will upon my knees. What shall I say?

2d Con. Nay, use what words you please, so they be but hearty, and not those that are spoken by the priest, for that charm seldom proves fortunate.

John. I swear then by thy fair self, that lookest so like a deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore thee to my dying day.

2d Con. And here I'll vow, the minute thou dost leave me, I'll leave the world; that is, kill myself.

John. O my dear heavenly creature!—[*Kisses her.*]

That kiss now has almost put me into a swoon. For Heaven's sake, let's quickly out of the streets for fear of another scuffle. I durst encounter a whole army for thy sake, but yet methinks I had better try my courage another way; what thinkst thou?

2d Con. Well, well; why don't you then?

[*As they are going out, enter* 1*st* Constantia, *and just then* Antonio *seizes upon her.*

John. Who's this my old new friend has got there!

Ant. O! have I caught you gentlewoman, at last? Come, give me my gold.

Con. I hope he takes me for another, I won't answer; for I had rather he should take me for any one than who I am.

John. Pray, sir, who is that you have there by the hand?

Ant. A person of honour, sir, that has broke open my trunks, and run away with all my gold; yet I'll hold ten pounds I'll have it whipped out of her again.

2d Con. Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now.

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have reason; and, lady, I ask your pardon. But I'll have it whipped out of you, then, gossip.

John. Hold, sir, you must not meddle with my goods.

Ant. Your goods! how came she to be yours? I'm sure I bought her of her mother for five hundred good pieces of gold, and she was a-bed with me all night too. Deny that, if you dare.

2d Con. Well, and what did you do when I was a-bed with you all night? Confess that, if you dare.

Ant. Umph! say you so?

Con. I'll try if this lady will help me, for I know not whither else to go.

Ant. I shall be ashamed I see utterly, except I make her hold her peace. Pray, sir, by your leave, I hope you will allow me the speech of one word with your goods here, as you call her: 'tis but a small request.

John. Ay, sir, with all my heart. How, Constantia! madam, now you have seen that lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault you must thank her for it.

Con. Sir, if you will for her sake be persuaded to protect me from the violence of my brother, I shall have reason to thank you both.

John. Nay, madam, now that I am in my wits again, and my heart's at ease, it shall go very hard, but I will see yours so too. I was before distracted, and 'tis not strange the love of her should hinder me from remembering what was due to you, since it made me forget myself.

Con. Sir, I do know too well the power of love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well then, I promise you, if you will but help me to my gold again (I mean that which you and your mother stole out of my trunk) that I'll never trouble you more.

2d Con. A match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

John. Pray, madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll stand by you, and see that your brother shall do you no harm.

2d Con. Hark ye, sir, a word; how dare you talk of love, or standing by any lady but me, sir?

John. By my troth that was a fault; but I did not mean in your way, I meant it only civilly.

2d Con. Ay, but if you are so very civil a gentleman, we shall not be long friends. I scorn to share your love with any one, whatsoever: and for my part I'm resolved either to have all or nothing.

John. Well, my dear little rogue, thou shalt have it all presently, as soon as we can but get rid of this company.

2d Con. Phoo! ye are always abusing me

Enter FREDERICK *and Mother.*

Fred. Come, now, madam, let not us speak one word more, but go quietly about our business, not but that I think it the greatest pleasure in the world to hear you talk, but——

Moth. Do you indeed, sir? I swear then good wits jump, sir; for I have thought so myself a very great while.

Fred. You've all the reason imaginable. O, Don John, I ask thy pardon, but I hope I shall make nice amends, for I have found out the mother, and she has promised me to help thee to thy mistress again.

John. Sir, you may save your labour, the business is done, and I am fully satisfied.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is?

John. No faith, I never ask'd her name.

Fred. Why then, I'll make thee yet more satisfied; this lady here is that very Constantia——

John. Ha! thou hast not a mind to be knocked o'er the pate too, hast thou?

Fred. No, sir, nor dare you do it neither: but for certain this is that very self-same Constantia that thou and I so long looked after.

John. I thought she was something more than ordinary; but shall I tell thee now a stranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

John. Why, I will never more touch any other woman for her sake.

Fred. Well, I submit; that indeed is stranger.

2d Con. Come, mother, deliver your purse; I have delivered myself up to this young fellow, and the bargain's made with that old fellow, so he may have his gold again, that all shall be well.

Moth. As I'm a Christian, sir, I took it away only to have the honour of restoring it again; for my hard fate having not bestowed upon me a fund which might capacitate me to make you presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my generosity but by putting myself into a condition of giving back what was yours.

Ant. A very generous design indeed! So now, I'll

e'en turn a sober person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your ladyship here; we have been in a very great disorder since we saw you. What's here, our landlady and the child again!

Enter DUKE, PETRUCHIO, *and Landlady with the Child.*

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipped, in a drunken constable's hands that took her for another.

John. Why then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipped for herself, for on my word she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

Con. Hark ye, dear landlady.

Land. O, sweet goddess! is it you? I have been in such a peck of troubles since I saw you; they took me, and they tumbled me, and they hauled me, and they pulled me, and they called me painted Jezable, and the poor little babe here did so take on. Come hither, my lord, come hither: here is Constantia.

Con. For Heaven's sake peace; yonder is my brother, and if he discovers me, I'm certainly ruined.

Duke. No, madam, there is no danger.

Con. Were there a thousand dangers in those arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O, my dear, it were not safe that any should

be here at present; for now my heart is so o'erpressed with joy, that I should scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so asham'd of all the faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your pardon for them.

Con. No, brother, the fault was mine, in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first; but having begun my love without your consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the consummation of our present joys blot out the memory of all these past mistakes.

John. And when shall we consummate our joys?

2d Con. Never:

We'll find out ways shall make them last for ever.

John. Now see the odds, 'twixt married folks and friends:

Our love begins just where their passion ends.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

PERHAPS you, gentlemen, expect to-day,
The author of this fag-end of a play,
According to the modern way of wit,
Should strive to be before-hand with the Pit;
Begin to rail at you, and subtly too,
Prevent th' affront by giving the first blow.
He wants not precedents, which often sway,
In matters far more weighty than a play:
But he, no grave admirer of a rule,
Won't by example learn to play the fool.
The end of plays should be to entertain,
And not to keep the auditors in pain.
Giving our price, and for what trash we please,
He thinks the play being done, you should have ease.
No wit, no sense, no freedom, and a box,
Is much like paying money for the stocks.
Besides, the author dreads the strut and mein
Of new-prais'd poets, having often seen
Some of his fellows, who have writ before,
When Nel has danc'd her jig, steal to the door,
Hear the Pit clap, and with conceit of that,
Swell, and believe themselves the lord knows what.
Most writers, now-a-days, are grown so vain,
That once approv'd, they write, and write again,

Till they have writ away the fame they got.
Our friend this way of writing fancies not,
And hopes you will not tempt him with your praise,
To rank himself with some that write new plays:
For he knows ways enough to be undone,
Without the help of poetry for one.

BRIT. THEA.
T. MISER.
London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Feb.ry 25 1792.

THE MISER.

A

COMEDY,

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

" The lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatres."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

By Appointment to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCC XCI.

TO HIS GRACE,

CHARLES,

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

MY LORD,

AS there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my Lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Moliere as that of your Grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking must be indeed complete by your approbation; the perfect knowledge which your Grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste, of that nation where this play was derived, makes you the properest judge wherein I have judiciously kept up to, or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of The Miser, and you, my Lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious by entering into the usual style of Dedications, for my pen cannot accompany my

heart when I speak of your Grace; and I am now writing to the only person to whom such a panegyric would be displeasing; therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought,

My Lord,

your Grace's most obliged,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

THE MISER.

ORIGINALLY PLAUTUS, secondarily MOLIERE, thirdly SHADWELL, and fourthly our incomparable HENRY FIELDING, have dramatised this subject.

The present Play is that of the latter of these gentlemen.—It is a free spirited translation, and keeps possession of the Stage.

To the mere translator of foreign productions but slender praise can be afforded---but when translation is performed by original genius, it acquires a native character, differing much from the unnatural flavour of forced exotics. Who would not, for instance, highly value a copy from MICHAEL ANGELO, by REYNOLDS?

We know not whether the passion is not driven further than observation upon life will warrant; but something must be allowed for the production of strong comic effect.

PROLOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND.

TOO long the slighted Comic Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd and her art o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees
With which so well her Jonson knew to please:
No characters from nature now we trace,
All serve to empty books of common-place:
Our modern bards who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the Park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say.
Just they retail each quibble to the Town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, or without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call High Comedy, and seem content.
But, to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night the author treats you with Moliere;
Moliere! who Nature's inmost secrets knew,
Whose justest pen like Kneller's pencil drew;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shewn
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.

Happy our English bard if your applause
Grant he 'as not injur'd the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear:
He must be safe if he has sav'd Moliere.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
LOVEGOLD, *the Miser*,	Mr. Ryder.
FREDERICK, *his son*,	Mr. Farren,
CLERIMONT,	Mr. Macready.
RAMILIE, *servant to* Frederick,	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. DECOY, *a broker*,	Mr. Thompson.
Mr. FURNISH, *an upholsterer*,	Mr. Ledger.
Mr. SPARKLE, *a jeweller*,	Mr. Evatt.
Mr. SATIN, *a mercer*,	Mr. Lee.
Mr. LIST, *a tailor*,	Mr. C. Powell.
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY,	
A LAWYER,	Mr. Rock.
JAMES,	Mr. Cubit.
	Women.
HARRIET, Lovegold's *daughter*,	Mrs. Mountain.
Mrs. WISELY,	Miss Platt.
MARIANA,	Mrs. Mattocks.
LAPPET, *maid to* Mariana,	Mrs. Abington.
WHEEDLE,	Miss Stuart.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, London.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
LOVEGOLD, *the Miser*,	Mr. Moss.
FREDERICK, *his son*,	Mr. Whitfield.
CLERIMONT,	Mr. Barrymore.
RAMILIE, *servant to* Frederick,	Mr. Palmer.
Mr. DECOY, *a broker*,	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. FURNISH, *an upholsterer*,	Mr. Wrighten.
Mr. SPARKLE, *a jeweller*,	Mr. Phillimore.
Mr. SATIN, *a mercer*,	Mr. Norris.
Mr. LIST, *a tailor*,	Mr. Holcroft.
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY,	———
A LAWYER,	Mr. Chaplin.
JAMES,	Mr. Burton.

	Women.
HARRIET, Lovegold's *daughter*,	Miss Collins.
Mrs. WISELY,	Mrs. Johnson.
MARIANA,	Mrs. Brereton.
LAPPET, *maid to* Mariana,	Miss Pope.
WHEEDLE,	Miss Kirby.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, London.

THE MISER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LOVEGOLD's *House.* *Enter* LAPPET *and* RAMILIE.

Lappet.

I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! have I for thee slighted so many good matches; have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's steward and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ram. Do but hear me, Madam.

Lap. If thou wouldst have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stitch, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company: what must they

think of me when they see you, after having countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, Sir, that won't do. If ever you hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again———

Ram. May I be banish'd for ever from those dear eyes, and turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

Enter WHEEDLE.

Wheed. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear! this is extremely kind.

Wheed. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature! now you are barbarous. My young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone

out I am sure, Madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh, Mr. Ramilie! are you confin'd too? Your master does not stay at home I am sure; he can find the way to our house tho' you can't.

Ram. That is the only happiness, Madam, I envy him: but faith I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the Court of Requests, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket, for I know he is engag'd to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages!

Wheed. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie; you prefer music to every thing——

Ram. ——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there's a summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Wheed. Oh, don't name it! I have work'd my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambrick pinners and handkerchiefs: in short, my dear! no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Wheed. La, child! where can one better one's self?

All the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, Madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, Madam, I am obliged to leave you——[*Bell rings.*] So, so, so; would the bell were in your guts! [*Exit* Ramilie.

Lap. Oh Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you, my dear! but I have drank half-a-dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well, but, my dear! I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Wheed. Pray let us hear 'em. I have some secrets of our family too which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear! last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, sav'd her life at the hazard of his own——Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled!——Ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear! I know how all your fine

ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people: when the poor gentleman brought Miss home, my master meets 'em at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman! Her blushes soon discovered to me who he was: in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom, upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him——My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him! Ah, Sir! says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance! He handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Wheed. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope.

Lap. Never fear that—And now, what do you think we have contrived amongst us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Wheed. Sch! here's fine billing and cooing I warrant; Miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet; how long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can, for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Wheed. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks say I. But come, my dear! there is one key which I keep, and that I believe will furnish us with sweetmeats; so if you will walk in with me I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me. I hope, my dear! you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden. Enter CLERIMONT *and* HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet? do

you repent that promise of yours which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness: if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

" *Cler.* Thou art too bounteous; every tender word " from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never " can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than " life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your " wishes before you speak them, can discharge me " from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will " be punctual in the payment.

" *Har.* It were ungenerous in me to doubt you; " and when I think what you have done for me, be- " lieve me I must think the balance on your side."

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration?

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them; folly is forwarder to censure wisdom than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest! your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy; it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear, therefore I think it not advisable to trust him, at least yet——he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy! [*Exit.*

Har. Honest creature! What happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him? Parents choose as often ill for us as we do for ourselves: they are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach-and-six.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Dear Harriet! good morrow: I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence——

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Or your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it; I am—it is impossible to tell you; in a word—I am in love!

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction; so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time: it hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could, but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by, there are so many of her sisters; you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars; I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! Ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase indeed. But if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father; and you may ea-

sily imagine what success a disinherited son may be likely to expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [*without.*] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

Exeunt. LOVEGOLD *and* RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not sirrah, but get you out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, Sir; and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am turn'd out by my proper master, Sir

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expence than a prudent man might clothe a large family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy

upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing indeed to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. [*Aside.*] Hark'e, rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every one you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter sirrah? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back: let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These bootsleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hang'd who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, Sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No, really, Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon. [*Exit.*

Love. So there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK *and* HARRIET.

In short I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, Heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter, Sir!

Love. Yes, the matter, Sir? I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What Sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, Sir.

Love. Ah, would I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise 'em, Sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise 'em! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by their extravagant expences they run into, be the occasion that one of these days somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expence, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How have you the assurance to ask me that, Sir, when if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them. A fellow here with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is call'd extravagant! In short, Sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me, or how could you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas, Sir! there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies, and no one knows how. Ah, Sir! there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth-street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? "I dare swear a good periwig cann't cost less than "fifteen or twenty shillings." Hey day! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray Sir, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, Sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh, the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, Sir! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who? you, you, you!

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, Sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [*Exit* Fred.

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear! shall marry our good neighbour Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa! but I had rather not marry if you please. [*Curtesying.*

Love. [*mimicking her curtesy.*] I thank you, my good daughter! but I had rather you should marry him if you please.

Har. Pardon me, dear Sir!

Love. Pardon me, dear Madam!

Har. Not all the fathers upon earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father!

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner! In short, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me; I am resolved upon the match.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or—

Cler. Forgive my interposing: dear Sir! what's the matter? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clerimont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered both to her and to me: a man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion!

Cler. Without a portion! Consider, dear Madam! can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true indeed; you will think on that, Sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all the affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, Sir, that decides the thing at once: and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and

temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Lov. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there's no answering that——"Who "can oppose such a reason as that?" And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, "and who esteem, "as the very first article of marriage, that happy "union of affections which is the foundation of "every blessing attending on a married state—— "and who——"

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once—— "Without a portion!" Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? some villains are in search of my money.—Don't stir from hence; I'll return in an instant. [*Exit* Love.

Cler. My dearest Harriet! how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of Fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest lovely creature!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is

not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age, of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed!

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern; I dare swear I shall bring her to it. [*To* Lovegold.

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. "When a lover offers, Madam, to take a "daughter without a portion, one should inquire no "further; every thing is contained in that one arti- "cle, and without a portion supplies the want of "beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and ho- "nesty."

Love. "Gloriously said, spoke like an oracle!" [*Exit.*

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me this is a most painful hypocrisy; "it tor- "tures me to oppose your opinion, though I am not "in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh "Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused "by vulgar souls who are incapable of tasting its de- "licacies!" When love is great as mine

None can its pleasures or its pains declare;
We can but feel how exquisite they are. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Frederick.

WHAT is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ram. Yes, Sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, Sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah, Sir, it is a terrible thing to borrow money! a man must have dealt with the devil, to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me, sir, Mr. Decoy the broker is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

Fred. So then I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

Ram. Yes, Sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ram. Ah, Sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine; why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name, and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took 'em from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable—— "the broker was forced to "stickle hard to get such good ones." In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities, and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all encumbrance; and that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must ensure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than thirty *per cent.*

Fred. Oh the conscientious rascal!

Ram. But as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the

rate of four *per cent.* he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the thirty *per cent.* aforesaid, shall also pay this four *per cent.* since it is for his service only that this sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here?

Ram. You know, Sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay Sir; why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions, if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas, Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well, is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred, and for the rest the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ram. Imprimis, "one large yellow camblet bed, "lined with satin, very little eaten by the moths, "and wanting only one curtain; six stuffed chairs "of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm-"eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for "wearing; one large pier-glass, with only one

" crack in the middle; one suit of tapestry hangings,
" in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars
" and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche,
" with many other amorous stories, which make the
" hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

Fred. What the devil is here!

Ram. " *Item*, one suit of drugget with silver but-
" tons, the buttons only the worse for wearing; *item*,
" two musquets, one of which only wants the lock;"
one large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it;
one snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr.
Deard's, a proper present for a mistress; five pictures
without frames, if not originals, all copies by good
hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what use have I for all this?

Ram. Several valuable books, amongst which are
all the journals printed for these five years last past,
handsomely bound and lettered——the whole works
in divinity of——

Fred. Read no more! confound the curst extortion-
er! I shall pay one hundred *per cent.*

Ram. Ah, Sir! I wish your honour would consider
of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we
reduced by the curst avarice of fathers! well may we
wish them dead, when their death is the only intro-
duction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as yours, Sir, is enough to make
one do something more than wish him dead. " For
" my part, I have never had any inclinations towards

"hanging; and I thank Heaven I have lived to see "whole sets of my companions swing out of the "world, while I have had address enough to quit "all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the "halter." I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, Sir——Sir, I ask your pardon——has so provoked me, that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* DECOY.

Decoy. In short, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? do you know the name, the family, and the estate, of the borrower?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these particulars from his own lips, and his man assured me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father: all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest pru-

dent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay! there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity, obliges us to serve our neighbours, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Decoy. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Decoy. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste: but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, Sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house: but, however, there is no great harm done; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How, rascal! is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [*Aside*]——And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[Ramilie *and* Decoy *sneak off.*

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such an interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest?

Love. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you, after this, appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain! get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word: I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.—— Get out of my sight, villain!—I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a stricter eye over his actions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in LOVEGOLD'S *House. Enter* HARRIET *and* MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me, for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite: but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear! would you think I have had no less than three doctors?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered, indeed.

Mar. Oh, child, doctors will never do me any

harm; I never take any thing they prescribe: I don't know how it is; when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know, my dear! my mamma loves physic better than she does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh, child, you are quite a Tramontane; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you would take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear! I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that now one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest! you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours!

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; "but I believe I have listed him already." Oh Harriet! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you, with that dear creature your brother—In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been

harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you——

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear! what say you to a comely old gentleman of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha! you extravagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already: I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him. Oh, methinks I see you on your knees already—Pray, Mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh, I see my loving bridegroom "in his threefold nightcap, "his flannel shirt; methinks" I see him approach me with all the loving gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, "more "instructive than all my grandmother e'er taught "me." Oh! I smell him sweeter, oh! sweeter

than even hartshorn itself! Ha, ha, ha! See, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: "would not any one think now we had been a happy "couple together Heaven knows how long?"

Har. Well, you dear mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh, never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's self to be civil to a young lover; but as for these old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh, I shall hate you if you are serious. Oh! see what your wicked words have occasioned: I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

Enter FREDERICK.

Har. Oh brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determined against us, all art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, Sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am resolved to persevere; for when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be perhaps a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concerned, but when the dispute is about the whole he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest when he is my son-in-law I'll send him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law? sure Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Lyttleton!

Mar. Oh, the wretch! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison; I must have a little air: dear Harriet! let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you. [*Exeunt.*

" *Har.* Ah, brother; I wish you had no greater " enemy in this affair than your mistress."

SCENE III.

A Garden. Enter RAMILIE *and* LAPPET.

Lap. This was indeed a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear! you have liv'd long enough in this house to know that gold is a dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah, but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands. There is one trade which, I thank Heaven, I'm no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant, Madam; I find you don't know our good master yet; " there is not a wo- " man in the world who loves to hear her pretty self " talk never so much, but you may easier shut her

" mouth than open his hands; as for thanks, praises, " and promises, no courtier upon earth is more libe- " ral of them; but for money, the devil a penny: " there's nothing so dry as his caresses; and" there is no husband who hates the word Wife half so much as he does the word Give: instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah, Sir! let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange: " the very sight of a dun " throws him into convulsions; 'tis touching him in " the only sensible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tear- " ing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing:" but here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune. [*Exit.*

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, Sir? Why, you look so young and vigorous———

Love. Do I, do I!

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half so young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, consider-

ing the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well; and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid could I take off twenty years it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year.

Lap. Yes, Sir; there's, in the first place, the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then as to the quality of what she eats you'll have no need of a French-cook upon her account; as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them; so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once—you'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half-a-dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal; this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item*, for clothes; she has been bred up in such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for

three birth night suits a-year saved, which are the least a town lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more; for jewels, (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year; now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things it must be confess'd, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences she won't put me to; I assure you, Madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad

to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: *why, she broke off a match t' other day because her lover was but fifty, and pretended to sign the marriage articles without spectacles.*

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagin'd: she has in her chamber several pictures, but what do you think they are? none of your smock-fac'd young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos: no, Sir; you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! Pretty masters indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers!

Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them. [*Here* Lappet *introduces a song.*

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! if your picture were drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable! "Turn about a little if you please: there, "what can be more charming!" Let me see you walk; there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagee! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you —I have a lawsuit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; [*He looks gravely.*] and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you.

[*He looks pleased.*]——Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you.——But indeed, Sir, this lawsuit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter would prevent. Ah, Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! in short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir; [*He looks serious.*] it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair——

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small

favour: I shall be undone, indeed, Sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir: nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two.

[*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed I am very much obliged to you. [*Exit.*

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are! Ramilie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And if one falls, they're fee'd on t' other side. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter HARRIET, FREDERICK, *and* CLERIMONT.

Frederick.

I THINK, Sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could

have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cleo. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; "for there is something in a generous education which "it is impossible for persons who want that happi-"ness to counterfeit;" therefore henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments, for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him: he will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, Madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we shall want no other instructer.

Love. Come hither, Harriet, you know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expence of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on

these occasions than is eat; and an additional guest makes no additional expence.

Cler. Very true, Sir; besides, tho' they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clerimont, and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholsomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation; you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, Sir.

Love. Go; that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoy'd at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish: I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That I think is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

Enter JAMES.

James. Did you send for me, Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, Sir.

James. I thought indeed it was not your coachman: for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved—but your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands, Sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year; I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done, Sir, with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? always money. Can you say nothing else but Money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than Money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. "Here's a miracle for you indeed, to make a good "supper with a good deal of money! Is there any "thing so easy? is there any one who can't do it?"

Would a man shew himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

James. I wish you would be so good, Sir, as to shew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

" *Love.* Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

" *James.* There's a gentleman, Sir, who can fur-" nish you out a good supper with a little money.

" *Love.* Answer me yourself.

James. " Why, Sir," how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dress'd but for eight; for if there be enough for eight there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted, and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which I believe may be bought for a guinea or thereabouts.

Love. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen!

James. Then, Sir, for the second course, a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half-a-dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen———

Love. [*Putting his hand before* James's *mouth.*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

James. Then a ragout——

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all? "has "my master invited people to cram 'em to death? "or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him "up at one supper?" Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, We must eat to live, not live to eat.

Love. Excellently well said, indeed! it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. We must live to eat, and not eat to—No, that is not it: how did you say?

Cler. That we must eat to live, and not live to eat.

Love. Extremely fine! pray write them out for me, for I'm resolv'd to have them done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more, Sir; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, Sir, what do people say of me?

James. Ah, Sir! if I could but be assur'd that you would not be angry with me—

Love. Not at all; so far from it, you will very much oblige me, for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Well, Sir, then, since you will have it, I will tell you freely that they make a jest of you every where, nay of your very servants upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you; one says

that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing; another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses, for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back: in a word, Sir, one can go no where, where you are not the by-word; you are the laughing-stock of all the world: and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy——

Love. Impertinent, impudent, rascal! beat him for me, Clerimont.

"*Cler.* Are you not asham'd, Mr. James, to give "your master this language?

"*James.* What's that to you, Sir?—I fancy this fel-"low's a coward; if he be I will handle him."

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

James. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my business I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me I'll break your head for you.

[*Drives* Clerimont *to the farther end of the Stage.*

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

James. I did not say I'd break your head.

[Clerimont *drives him back again.*

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

" *James.* I hope not, Sir: I give you no offence, Sir.

" *Cler.* That I shall shew you the difference between " us."

James. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*

James. Nay, Sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, Sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so: see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre; a good large suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork pie or pasty; a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a sallad, and a dish of artichokes, which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that—This is a most excellent young fellow!—But now will I go pay a visit to my money. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street. RAMILIE *and* LAPPET *meeting.*

Ram. Well, Madam, what success? " Have I been " a false prophet, and have you come at the old

" hunks's purse? or have I spoke like an oracle, and " he is as close-fisted as usual?"

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used: all my rhetoric availed nothing. While I was talking to him about the lady, he smil'd and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet Sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony? In short your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ram. No, Madam, I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of opinion that it would be more

your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune; and if she were once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ram. And is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! oh that you had but seen him as I have; with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him, than a wife that would shut it against him? Besides, it will be better for us all; for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife: she will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it; so, faith, I will e'en set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

"*Ram.* But do you think you can prevail with her? "will she not be apt to think she loses that by the ex- "change which he cannot make her amends for?

"*Lap.* Ah, Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great "to persuade a woman to follow her interest: we ge-

" nerally have that more at heart than you men ima-
" gine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one
" another; and whether you would lead a woman to
" ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of do-
" ing either is by one of her own sex. We are gene-
" rally decoyed into the net by birds of our own fea-
" ther."

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first, I am sure; I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live.

[*Exit.*

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. " The jade has art, but is quite overshadow'd by her " vanity. She will get the better of every one but " the person who will condescend to praise her; for " tho' she be a most mercenary devil, she will swal- " low no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same " pride which warms her fancy, serves to cool her ap- " petites, and therefore though she have neither " virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And " this is my mistress, with a pox to her! Pray, what " am I in love with? But that is a question so few " lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with

" thinking I am in love with *le je ne sçai quoi*" *Match her who can.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LOVEGOLD's *House.* *Enter* LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, *Mrs.* WISELY, *and* MARIANA.

Love. You see, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young: here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Wise. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents: what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady: I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles: it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty, that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious, of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh! nauseous filthy fellow!

Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star you should be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me?

Mar. Ah! what an animal! what a wretch!

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [*listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, Madam. Hark'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice: you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family; notwithstanding which I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of Son-in-law; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it indeed; were they to ask the leave of their children few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, Sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; "that I "can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing "you;" that to be called your husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. "The possession of you "is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune;

" that is the lovely mark to which all my ambition
" tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of
" undertaking to attain so great a blessing; all diffi-
" culties, when you are the prize in pursuit——"

Love. Hold, hold, Sir! softly, if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, Sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself; I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet Sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomach.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, Sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wise. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*to* Mariana.] Did you ever see, Madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems indeed to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to* Mariana.] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wise. Mar. It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. [*preventing* Mariana, *who is going to return it.*]

No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady that she should wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [*to his son.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad!

Mar. I must insit on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, Madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it——It is not my fault, dear Sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate——For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. [*to his son.*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. Wise. Daughter, I protest you make me

ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy——bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you——

James. Must he leave the money he has brought with me, Sir? [*Exit.* James.

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately. [*Exit.*

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have ate too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wise. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you, Madam.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Harriet.

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet; is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it; are you not generally thought

very like it?—Heyday! where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together, we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest; but were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness, therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, "when "that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so "very opposite?"

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then I suppose you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do. Without arrogance, I think I have nothing in me so detestable as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, sir; money, money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say

more in one moment than the most eloquent lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich: he is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich——that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, But he is poor, you overthrow all that you have said; for it has long been an established maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature sits upon you, you'd never wear it. "There is not one so abandoned but that she can "affect what is amiable better than you can what is "odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion "of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but "what is lovely can suit you or appear your own."

Enter HARRIET.

Har. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is shewing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon, that you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him—Oh, barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh, repeat it to my face, and make me bless'd to that degree!

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natured to conceal any thing from another which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lie would choke me were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear! you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing; she is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish, coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make him easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear! how prettily these airs become you—take my word for it you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it "to be placed."

Har. If you have any reason, Madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My

brother is every way worthy of you, Madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the Town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet! carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away! you do not know the sex: her vanity will make you play the fool till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you——It is a part she has often played.

Mar. I am obliged to you, however, Madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship: it will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Har. My friendship, Madam, naturally cools when I discover its object less worthy than I imagined her.—I can never have any violent esteem for one who would make herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour; and in my opinion the coquette who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expence of her own reputation.

Enter Mrs. WISELY *and* CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Wis. Upon my word, Sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you had been

base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good-breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhumane, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, child! what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side, and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, Madam: the whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you——

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? did I not tell you you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet: you must not be frightened at a few storms: these are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask your pardon; I have dispatched my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. Wise. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. Your children, Sir, have used my poor girl so ill that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of a good a family——.

Love. Out of my sight, audacious vile wretches! and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence! to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother, perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Harriet.

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor pretty creature! had they stolen my purse I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. Wise. The age is come to a fine pass indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to see a child of mine oppose it!

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear! and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

"*Mrs. Wise.* Look'e, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether "conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I "have been all my life so strict an observer; but "this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt "to give you a dispensation. When women seem too "forward to run away with idle young fellows, the "world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; "but when they only consult their interest in their

" consent, though it be never so quickly given, we " say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately " carried on!

" *Mar.* I resign myself entirely over to your will, " Madam, and am at your disposal."

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion: you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? Hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth! 'Od, Madam! you shall be a grandmother within these ten months—I am a very young fellow.

Mrs. Wise. If you were five years younger, I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be! No one sure ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet! if you will walk a few minutes in the garden, I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wise. We shall expect you with impatience.

[*Exeunt* Mariana *and* Mrs. Wisely.

Love. Clerimont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is like to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be managed with as small expence as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the

wine let that be sent back too; and put up what is left, if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, Sir: but there is one thing in this entertainment of yours which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, prithee?

Cler. That is, the cause of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, Sir?

Love. Oh, yes, yes; I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances, and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; "and a "penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have "great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all "over this town and not have got one cheaper."

Cler. Sure you are in a dream, Sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table at least two hundred pounds a-year.

Cler. Sure, Sir, you do not know——

Love. In clothes two hundred more——

Cler. There is not, Sir, in the whole town——

Love. In jewels one hundred; play five hundred: these have been all proved to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, Sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted.

[*Exit.* Love.

Cler. How vainly do we spend our breath, while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to. "I "thought it impossible for any thing to have sur- "mounted his avarice; but I find there is one little "passion which reigns triumphant in every mind it "creeps into, and, whether a man be covetous, "proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman "to make him liberal, humble, and brave." Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. "I "will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have "heard. Poor man! how little satisfaction he finds "in his mistress, compared to what I meet in Harriet! "Love to him is misery, to me perfect happiness. "Women are always one or the other; they are ne- "ver indifferent.

"*Whoever takes for better and for worse,*
"*Meets with the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse.*"

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in LOVEGOLD'S *House. Enter* FREDERICK *and* RAMILIE.

Frederick.

How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour, it is true; she told it me in the highest confidence; a trust, Sir, which nothing but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Oh, Sir! but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it, Sir? the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair. I believe, Sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her: Madam, says I, do you think if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I, let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her, Sir. Do you think, says I, that this old rascal, (I ask your pardon, Sir) that this hunks, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well; but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetorick—go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, Sir; I warrant my lies keep [illegible]pace with hers. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but, before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again: your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him; so about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, Sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend. [*Exit.*

Enter CLERIMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh, Frederick! I have been looking you all over the house. I have news for you which will give me pain to discover, tho' it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! Oh Clerimont! is it possible? cursed be the politics of my sister; she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana, from a pique to her, throw herself away? Dear Clerimont! give me some advice; think on some method by which I may prevent, at least, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you! But here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there were a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occa-

sion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are; it will be much more to your interest to——

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

"*Lap.* For Heaven's sake, Sir! you do not intend "to kill me?

"*Fred.* What could drive your villany to attempt "to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? "what could urge thee, when I trusted thee with "my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant "usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, "what could sway thee to betray me?

"*Lap.* As I hope to be sav'd, Sir, whatever I have "done was intended for your service.

"*Fred.* It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast "used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this "match.

"*Lap.* If I did, Sir, it was all with a view towards "your interest; if I have done any thing to prevent "your having her, it was because I thought you "would do better without her.

"*Fred.* Wouldst thou to save my life tear out my "heart? and dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, "whilst thou art destroying me, assert it is for my "own sake?"

Lap. Be but appeas'd, Sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick! adjourn your anger for a while at least: I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in heart; "and whatever she has done, if it "has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently "affirm it has been for her own:" and I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you shew her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas, Sir! I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of: besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear Madam! to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be——but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, Mr. Clerimont was mentioning a certain little word called interest just now. I should not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, Sir; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.—Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity! [*Exit.*

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith, I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh Clerimont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

" *Cler.* A coquette's lover generally pays very se-
" verely indeed: his game is sure to lead him a long
" chase; and if he catches her at last, she is hardly
" worth carrying home—You will excuse me.

" *Fred.* It does not affect me, for what appears a
" coquette in Mariana, is rather the effect of spright-
" liness and youth, than any fixed habit of mind; she
" has good sense and good-nature at the bottom.

" *Cler.* If she has good-nature it is at the bottom " indeed, for I think she has never discovered any to " you.

" *Fred.* Women of her beauty and merit have such " a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think " of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, " so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending " them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who " think all their services well repaid with a curtesy or " a smile, that they are startled and think a lover a " most unreasonable creature who can imagine he " merits their whole person.

" *Cler.* They are of all people my aversion; they " are a sort of spaniels, who tho' they have no chance " of running down the hare themselves, often spoil " the chase. I have known one of these fellows pur- " sue half the fine women in town without any other " design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a " strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them watch- " ing the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour, " to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

" *Fred.* Which she often returns with a smile, or " some more extraordinary mark of affection, from " a charitable design of giving pain to her real ad- " mirer, who, tho' he can't be jealous of the animal, " is concern'd to see her condescend to take notice of " him.

" *Enter* HARRIET.

" *Har.* I suppose, brother, you have heard of my

" good father's economy, that he has resolv'd to join
" two entertainments in one—and prevent giving an
" extraordinary wedding-supper.

" *Fred.* Yes, I have heard it, and I hope have
" taken measures to prevent it.

" *Har.* Why, did you believe it, then?

" *Fred.* I think I had no longer room to doubt.

" *Har.* I would not believe it, if I were to see them
" in bed together.

" *Fred.* Heaven forbid it!

" *Har.* So say I too; Heaven forbid I should have
" such a mother-in law! but I think if she were wed-
" ded into any other family, you would have no rea-
" son to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

" *Fred.* Dear Harriet! indulge my weakness.

" *Har.* I will indulge your weakness with all my
" heart—but the men ought not; for they are such
" lovers as you who spoil the women.—Come, if you
" will bring Mr. Clerimont into my apartment, I'll
" give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some *sal*
" *volatile* in it, tho' you have no real cause for any de-
" pression of your spirits, for I dare swear your mis-
" tress is very safe; and I am sure if she were to be
" lost, in the manner you apprehend, she would be
" the best loss you ever had in your life.

" *Cler.* Oh, Frederick! if your mistress were but
" equal to your sister, you might well be called the
" happiest of mankind." [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIANA *and* LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him?

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! for what do you intend to have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already, that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you were sure of not being suffered to eat: the very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear quadrille—And to what have you sacrificed all these?—not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, Madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house, you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself.—Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good Madam, if you come to that! for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me; for if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one more comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you; the worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! faugh!

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand, you may return and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it—and since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [*Exit.*

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-temper'd creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garden. Enter LOVEGOLD *and Mrs.* WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy; I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. Wise. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged.

I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wise. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his years. [*Aside.*

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence; therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me: it seems to argue your inclination abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas, Madam! I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth: this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

Mrs. Wise. Well, Sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction both of her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. I see, Sir, you don't care for it, so there is no harm done: and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blam'd for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. Wise. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look it over.

Mrs. Wise. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him and get it done instantly, and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract: her lawyer draws it, so I shall be at no expence, for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth! I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match: I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Oh, unhappy miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never

outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep——

[*Runs against him.*

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, Sir!—you are undone, Sir! and I am undone!

Love. How! what! has any one robbed me? have I lost any thing?

Lap. No, Sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, Sir.

Love. No, I have not yet——but why——

Lap. How, Sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, Sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, Sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all! how can she live then?

Lap. Nay, Sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet——

Lap. All an imposition, Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

" *Love.* Can it be possible, after what you told me?

" *Lap.* Alas, Sir! that was only a cloak thrown " over her real inclinations."

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, Sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign tho', Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign: right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them; and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself,

when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, Sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases: and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching* Lap. *in his arms.*

Lap. Oh, Sir! I am not the lady—Was ever such an old goat!——Well, Sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family, in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it were my own; I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious, gentleman

has been raising all his lifetime, squandered away in a year or two, in feasts, balls, musick, cards, clothes, jewels——It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes——to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman, his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year, all his land swallowed down in another, all his old gold, nay, the very plate he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, "to see even that "disposed of." What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too! [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me, that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half *per cent!*

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty.

Enter Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a pox!

Law. Heyday! sure you are *non compos mentis.*

Love. No, sirrah; I had like to have been *non compos mentis*, but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer, for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, Sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

Lap. You know, Sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no man can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness!—I'm only losing time! there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah, would I were married to thee myself! [*Exit.*

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, Sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself. I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship: but I don't know how it is, Sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me

suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ram. Has she not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, Sir, every single syllable she has told you, has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour; the first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie, and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, Sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas, Sir! I know her friendship begins and ends at home, "and that she has friendship for no "person living but herself." Why, Sir, do but look

at Mariana, Sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. Thi jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for thi one service. I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [*Exit.*

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of all mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE III.

The Hall. Enter FREDERICK *and* LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet: I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, Sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh, Sir! it is more easy to make half-a-dozen matches than to break one, and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. "There is some-"thing, methinks, so pretty, in bringing young "people together that are fond of one another. I "protest, Sir, you will be a mighty handsome cou-"ple. How fond you will be of a little girl the exact "picture of her mother! and how fond will she be "of a boy to put her in mind of his father!

"*Fred.* Death! you jade, you have fired my ima-"gination."

Lap. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin hugely; I am surprised they are not all together by the ears already.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Oh, Madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance———

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, Sir, all is well indeed; no thanks to her: "happy is the master that has a good servant; "a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in "this world: I have done your business for you, "Sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, de-"ny'd all she has been telling him:" in short, Sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the

old gentleman, mightily to your interest as you may imagine; no sooner was she gone than I steps in and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie, and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract: so now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Heyday! what is the meaning of this! have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, Sir, nor myself, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for misery: but I will be no longer idle: since I am to be ruined I'll meet my destruction. [*Exit.*

[*They stand some time in silence looking at each other.*

Lap. I give you joy, Sir, of the success of your negotiation: you have approved yourself a most able person, truly; and I dare swear when your skill is once known you will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet! a politician may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you, for you change sides so often that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, Sir, what was the occasion of betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

Ram. Conscience, conscience! Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you indeed, to lose your own in order to preserve his. From henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises; henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do it will be in vain: I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base, insinuations, I would have you know, Sir, a woman injured as I am never can, nor ought, to forgive. Never see my face again. [*Exit.*

Ram. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another; and a woman generally is as sure to perform what she threatens, as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment. Enter FREDERICK, *Mrs.* WISELY, *and* MARIANA.

Fred. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. Wise. I think, Sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear mamma! don't be serious, when I dare say Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the person you have made miserable is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word Mother-in-law has a terrible sound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. Wise. I must insist, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter: the world is apt to be censorious. Oh, Heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto passsd unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, Madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear, for from this night I never will behold those fatal eyes again.

" *Mar.* Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection " on me: what a person will the world think me to " be when you could not live with me?

" *Fred.* Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words " bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. " Oh, had that been my blessed fortune!

" *Mrs. Wise.* Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a " greater distance. The young fellows of this age " are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred cannot " restrain them."

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us—Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. Wise. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—A rude fellow!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Wisely and* Mariana.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Follow me, Sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, Sir——here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, Sir, his money——Follow me, Sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOVEGOLD *in the utmost distraction.*

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh, my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that damn'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Hall. " *Several Servants.*

" *James.*

" THERE will be rare doings now; Madam's an ex-
" cellent woman, faith! things won't go as they have
" done; she has ordered something like a supper;
" here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

" *Thomas.* She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can tell " you that; I have had a very good place on't with " her. You will have no more use for locks and " keys in this house now.

" *James.* This is the luckiest day I ever saw: as " soon as supper is over, I will get drunk to her good " health, I am resolved, and that's more than ever I " could have done here before.

" *Thomas.* You sha'n't want liquor, for here are " ten hogsheads of strong beer coming in.

" *James.* Bless her heart, good lady! I wish she " had a better bridegroom.

" *Thomas.* Ah, never mind that, he has a good " purse; and for other things let her alone, Mr. " James.

" *Wheed.* Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's " the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve " dozen of his best Champaigne, twelve dozen of " Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage; and " you must call at the wax-chandler's, and bid him " send in a chest of candles; and at Lambert's the " confectioner in Pall-mall, and order the finest des- " sert he can furnish: and you, Will, must go to " Mr. Gray's, the horsejockey, and order him to " buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her " coach to-morrow morning; and here, you must " take this roll, and invite all the people in it to sup- " per; then you must go to the play-house in Dru- " ry-Lane, and engage all the music, for my lady in- " tends to have a ball.

" *James.* Oh, brave, Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine " times!

" *Wheed.* My lady desires that supper may be kept " back as much as possible; and if you can think of " any thing to add to it she desires you would.

" *James.* She is the best of ladies.

" *Wheed.* So you will say, when you know her bet- " ter; she has thought of nothing ever since matters " have been made up between her and your master, " but how to lay out as much money as she could— " We shall all have rare places.

" *James.* I thought to have given warning to-mor- " row morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste " now.

" *Wheed.* See what it is to have a woman at the " head of the house! but here she comes. Go you " into the kitchen and see that all things be in the " nicest order.

" *James.* I am ready to leap out of my skin for " joy."

Enter MARIANA, FURNISH, *and Mrs.* WISELY.

" *Mar.* Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants " according to my orders?

" *Wheed.* Yes, Madam."

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care, Madam; I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning;

"I shall put off some work, Madam, on that ac-
"count.

"*Mar.* That tapestry in the dining-room does not
"at all please me.

"*Furnish.* Your ladyship is very much in the
"right, Madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one
"hangs a room now with tapestry.

"*Mar.* Oh! I have the greatest fondness for tapes-
"try in the world! you must positively get me some
"of a newer pattern.

"*Furnish.* Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is
"one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room
"that I know of. I believe I can shew you some that
"will please you."

Mrs. Wise. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for this alteration.

Mar. Dear mamma! let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it, and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Furnish. Your ladyship is in the right, Madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. Wise. That is an extravagance I would never submit to? I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Furnish. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole that I would be very loath to put into your hands.

Enter SATIN *and* SPARKLE.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Satin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace, and ear-rings with you?

Sparkle. Yes, Madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to shew you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too, Madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it, Sir.

Sparkle. Has it, Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one! I am sure, Madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

Sparkle. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone; I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle!

Mrs. Wise. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Sparkle. Really, Sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as———

Love. How? what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately, Sir. Well, Mr. Satin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you, Sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your honour, Sir: the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir; "but the honour of my "family as well as yours is concern'd in her appear-"ing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, "the whole world is very sensible of your fondness

" for money; I think it a very great blessing to you " that you have met with a woman of a different " temper, one who will preserve your reputation in " the world, whether you will or no: not that I would " insinuate to you that my daughter will ever"—*She will never* run you into unnecessary expences; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wise. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain—In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors you cut-purses.

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a

little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your ladyship, Madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

Furnish. I am an upholsterer, Sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. Wise. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh that I had never learnt to write my name!

Enter CHARLES BUBBLEBOY.

" *Bub.* Your most obedient servant, Madam.

" *Love.* Who are you, Sir? what do you want " here?

" *Bub.* Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

" *Love.* What's your business?

" *Bub.* Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes " and rings. Will you please, Sir, to look at that " snuff box? there is but one person in England, Sir, " can work in this manner: if he were but as diligent " as he is able, he would get an immense estate, Sir: " if he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep " them all employed. I have brought you a pair of " the new-invented snuffers too, Madam: be pleased " to look at them; they are my own invention; " the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

" *Love.* Who the devil sent for you, Sir?

" *Mar.* I sent for him, Sir.

" *Bub.* Yes, Sir, I was told it was a lady sent for " me. Will you please, Madam, to look at the snuff-" boxes or rings first?

" *Love.* Will you please to go to the devil, Sir, first, " or shall I send you?

" *Bub.* Sir!

" *Love.* Get you out of my house this instant, or " I'll break your snuff-boxes and your bones too.

" *Bub.* Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have " come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. " Madam, your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*"

Mar. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour?

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer, once refused, is not to be had again.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the tailor, whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes,

that you may appear like a gentleman; for, as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, Madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Mariana.

Enter LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for—The laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please we will take measure first. I do not know, Sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, Sir. I always visit France twice a-year; and, though I say it, that should not say it———Stand upright, if you please, Sir———

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah——I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—Out of my doors, you villain!

List. Heyday, Sir! did you send for me for this, Sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. [*Exit.*

" *Enter* JAMES *and* PORTER.

" *Love.* Where are you going? what have you there?

" *James.* Some fine wine, Sir, that my lady sent " for to Mr. Mixture's—But, Sir, it will be impos- " sible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is " ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want " half-a-dozen kitchens too. The very wildfowl that " my lady has sent for will take up a dozen spits.

" *Love.* Oh! oh! it is in vain to oppose it: her " extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner " stopped in one place than it breaks out in another. " —[*Drums beat without.*] Ha! what's the meaning of " this? is my house besieged? would they would set " it on fire and burn all in it!

" *Drum. without.*] Heavens bless your Honour! " 'Squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold, long life and " happiness, and many children attend you——and " so God save the king. [*Drums beat.*

" [Lovegold *goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*

" *James.* So he has quieted the drums I find—This " is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours of " his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the " better, my master or my mistress: if my master " does, away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while " there's any housekeeping, which can't be long; for " the riches of my lord mayor will never hold it out " at this rate.

" *Enter* LOVEGOLD.

" *Love.* James! I shall be destroyed; in one week " I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send " all the provisions back to the tradesmen, put out all " the fires, leave not so much as a candle burning.

" *James.* Sir, I don't know how to do it; Madam " commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

" *Love.* How! not when I command thee?

" *James.* I have lost several places, Sir, by obey- " ing the master against the mistress, but never lost " one by obeying the mistress against the master. " Besides, Sir, she is so good and generous a lady, " that it would go against my very heart to offend " her.

" *Love.* The devil take her generosity!

" *James.* And I don't believe she has provided one " morsel more than will be eat: why, Sir, she has " invited above five hundred people to supper: " within this hour your house will be as full as " Westminster-hall the last day of term———But I " have no time to lose.

" *Love.* Oh! oh! what shall I do?"

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, Sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, Sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, Sir; for, alack-a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, Sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond, of ten thousand pounds, to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? my life, and soul, and blood, and heart!

Lap. You shall forfeit it———

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner: no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards, to save my money.

Lap. I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh, my poor master! my poor master!

[*Crying.*

Love. Why did I not die a year ago? what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [*A noise without.*] Oh! oh! dear Lappet! see what it is! I shall be undone in an hour——Oh!

Enter CLERIMONT *richly dressed.*

Love. What is here?—some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me, Sir?

Love. Know you! ha! what is the meaning of this?—Oh, it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah, base wretch! could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I am come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood?

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman—Tell me who tempted you to it?

Cler. Ah, Sir! need I say——love.

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love, Sir.

Love. Very pretty love, indeed! the love of my guineas.

" *Cler.* Ah, Sir, think not so. Do but grant me " the free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven! " I'll never ask you more.

" *Love.* Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever " so modest a request?

" *Cler.* All your efforts to separate us will be vain; " we have sworn never to forsake each other, and " nothing but death can part us."

Love. I don't question, Sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heavens I'll die in defending my right! and, if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you, perhaps I may.

" *Cler.* Then I am blest! Well may you say trea- " sure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich in- " deed.

" *Love.* Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds " may well be called a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it " hither; perhaps I may give it you——fetch it hi- " ther."

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore.

[*Exit.*

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow! to confess his robbery before my face, and desire to keep what he has stolen as if he had a right to it.

Enter LAPPET.

Love. Oh, Lappet! what's the matter?

Lap. Oh, Sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, Sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, Sir—

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

" *Lap.* Why, Sir, you will lose twice the value of " your contract before you know how to turn your- " self; and if you have no value for liberty, yet con- " sider, Sir, such is the great goodness of our laws, " that a prison is one of the dearest places you can " live in.

" *Love.* Ten thousand pounds!—No—I'll be " hanged, I'll be hanged."

Lap. Suppose, Sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is), but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand——

Love. Eight thousand devils take her———

Lap. But, dear Sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose you lose a sum —Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master! let me prevail on you, not to be ruined. Be resolute, Sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin—

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

Love. Why was I begotten! why was I born! why was I brought up! why was I not knocked o'th' head before I knew the value of money!

Lap. [*knocking without*] So, so, more duns I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to? what shall I do? Part with eight thousand pounds! misery, de-

struction, beggary, prisons! But then, on the other side, are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way! [*Exit.*

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret I had never brought about those affairs that I have: were I not secret, Lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town!

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

Lap. From every one but me I believe you have: I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? did he make no offer?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush! I hear him coming again.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear Madam! consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. [*putting his hand before* Lappet's *mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie: she never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all—— Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends

for the delay; and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, Sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; get rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

[*They whisper.*

" *Enter* THOMAS *and* JAMES.

[Lovegold *and* Lappet *talk apart.*

" *Tho.* Madam, the music are come which your " ladyship ordered, and most of the company will be " here immediately.

" *James.* Where will your ladyship be pleased the " servants shall eat, for there is no room in the house " that will be large enough to entertain 'em.

" *Mar.* Then beat down the partition, and turn " two rooms into one.

" *James.* There is no service in the house proper for the dessert, Madam.

" *Mar.* Send immediately to the great china shop " in the Strand for the finest that is there."

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it, Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, Sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, Sir. [*Aside.*

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money: it is all I am worth in the world. [*Exit.*

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villany?

Lap. Ay, Madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie, for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah, Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—(I have sent for

a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody). [*Aside to* Lappet.

Lap. [*To* Lovegold.] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Enter FREDERICK, CLERIMONT, *and* HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treasure I am worth; a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money, Sir, give me the money; I say, give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robbed me of my treasure?

Cler. This, Sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

Love. How! oh, wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced, Sir! I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large, as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the

loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly, Sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so, go fetch my gold——

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, Madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there were any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this?

Love. I am undone! undone, undone!

Fred. No, Sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet; depend upon it, within an hour you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. "I "thought to have purchased a reprieve with them, "but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that "on me."

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to* Frederick.] You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family: nay, I have proved the best friend you ever had; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again if law or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! If I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world——I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never sleep more. [*Exit.*

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it: I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have any thing to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him——

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him——for your late behaviour has convinced me.

Mar. Dear girl! no more; "you have frightened "me already so much to-day, that, rather than ven- "ture a second lecture, I would do whatever you "wished: so, Sir," if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natured thing you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet! no apologies; all you said I deserved.

Enter LAPPET *and* RAMILIE.

"*Lap.* Treaties are going on on both sides while "you and I seem forgotten.

"*Ram.* Why, have we not done them all the ser- "vice we can? what farther have they to do with us? —Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

"*Mar.* Some I sent for to assist in my design on

" your father: I think we will give them admittance, " though we have done without 'em.

" *Omnes.* Oh! by all means.

" *Fred.* Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just " sense of your favours, and both you and Ramilie " shall find my gratitude." [*Dance here.*

Fred. Dear Clerimont! be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; at least I am sure avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim: the Miser endeavours to be wretched;

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

OUR Author's sure bewitch'd! the senseless rogue
Insists, no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, What's that to this?
Is yours a good one?—No, but Moliere's is,
He cry'd, and, zounds! no Epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern Epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry,
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one double entendre *left that's new;*
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise:
Then for the threadbare jokes of cit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit,
Till of their laugh the gi[illegible]ries are [illegible];
Then to reproach the critics with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to [illegible] stinging satire,
And then appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' [illegible] stuff might [illegible] the Drury doxies;
If these, he cry'd, [illegible] ingredients be
For Epilogues, th[illegible] I have none from me.
Lord, Sir! says I, th[illegible] will'ry will so bawl.
Let 'em, he cry'd; a [illegible]-one's worse than none at all.

Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in,
Nor do I see no Epilogue much hurt in.
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain.

De Wilde pinxt. Trotter sculp.

Mrs. MOUNTAIN as FIDELIA.

And are all men so Resetta.

London, Printed for J Bell, British Library, Strand, Augt. 1st 1792.

BRITISH THEATRE.

FOUNDLING.

Fid. ... let my tears ...

Lud. ... thank you ... Lud.

Corbould del. Springsfield Sculp.

London. Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand. Augst. 31. 1792.

THE FOUNDLING.

A

COMEDY,

BY MR. EDWARD MOORE.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCII.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM.

THE permission your Grace honours me with, of presenting the Foundling *to your protection, is the highest gratification of my pride, and my best security for the indulgence of the town. It is in writing as in life; an introduction to the world by a great name is a sanction, even where merit is wanting, and can adorn it where it is. And though my pretensions are inconsiderable, my fears are lessened, while I boast the Dutchess of Bedford for my patroness.*

I have no intention to [illegible] your Grace with the common flattery of dedications. The mind that deserves praise, is above receiving it. Your own consciousness, though in your humblest hours, will afford truer satisfaction than the best written panegyric, But while your Grace forbids me praise, I am at liberty indulge my wishes for your happiness and honour. In those, I may be allowed to name the Duke of Bedford with his Dutchess and to rejoice, with every Englishman, that the highest dignities are the reward of the highest merit.

If I descend to say a little of myself, I shall hope

for your Grace's pardon. This is my first attempt in dramatic poetry. Whether I deserve the favour the town has shewn me, is submitted to your Grace's candour, and the judgment of my readers. The disapprobation which the character of Faddle met with the first night, made it necessary for me to shorten it in almost every scene, where it was not immediately connected with the fable. But though success has attended the alteration, I have ventured to publish it in its original dress; submitting it still to your Grace and the public, from whom I have no appeal to my own partiality. But I am detaining your Grace too long, and shall only add, that I am,

Madam,

Your Grace's

Most obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

EDWARD MOORE.

THE FOUNDLING.

THIS Play, though it is now unaccustomed "to vi-"sit the glimpses of the Moon" upon our Theatres, is better worth such distinction than many slight flitting shadows, that pass for things of substance.

One circumstance, which may contribute to this oblivion, is a resemblance which this Play certainly does discover of the CONSCIOUS LOVERS.—By some critics it is deemed the superior play, and the reason given is that its interest is unmixed with the episode of menial intrigue, and the flippant impertinence of a *Footman* and a *Chambermaid*.—To all this it may be answered, that these characters, when they take a large share in the business of a comedy, are the agents of superior persons, and bring about the end of the drama, are by no means to be rejected by a fastidious delicacy. Happily the buffoonery of the French school is sinking into contempt now even with that nation itself; and men, when they survey the characters of a *Parisina*, only require that they should be faithful to *Nature*, to be completely satisfied. We *have* perpetually occasion for servants; *confide* in them, and are served by them, in our business, in our pleasure; they also are of our kind, and have business and pleasures of their own.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. BROOKE.

UNPRACTIS'D in the Drama's artful page,
And new to all the dangers of the stage,
Where judgment sits to save or damn his play,
Our poet trembles for his first essay.
He, like all authors, a conforming race!
Writes to the taste and genius of the place;
Intent to fix, and emulous to please
The happy scenes of these politer days,
He forms a model of a virtuous sort,
And gives you more of moral than of sport;
He rather aims to draw the melting sigh,
Or steal the pitying tear from beauty's eye;
To touch the strings that humanise our kind,
Man's sweetest strain, the music of the mind.
Ladies, he bids me tell you, that from you
His first, his fav'rite character he drew;
A young, a lovely, unexperienc'd maid,
In honest truth and innocence array'd;
Of fortune destitute, with wrongs oppress'd,
By fraud attempted, and by love distress'd;
Yet, guarded still, and ev'ry suff'ring fo[illegible]
Her virtue meets the sure reward at last.

From such examples shall the sex be taught,
How virtue fixes whom their eyes have caught;
How honour beautifies the fairest face,
Improves the mien, and dignifies the grace.
And hence the libertine, who builds a name
On the base ruins of a woman's fame,
Shall own, the best of human blessings lie
In the chaste honours of the nuptial tie;
There lives the home-felt sweet, the near delight,
There peace reposes, and there joys unite;
And female virtue was by Heaven design'd
To charm, to polish, and to bless mankind.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir ROGER BELMONT, - - - - - - - Mr. Fearon.
Sir CHARLES RAYMOND, - - - - - - Mr. Farren.
Young BELMONT, - - - - - - - - Mr. Pope.
Colonel RAYMOND, - - - - - - - - Mr. Macready.
VILLIARD, - - - - - - - - - Mr. Gardner.
FADDLE, - - - - - - - - - Mr. Lewis.

Women.

ROSETTA, - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Mattocks.
FIDELIA, - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Merry.

SCENE, *Sir Roger Belmont's House in London.*

THE FOUNDLING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Sir ROGER BELMONT*'s House. Enter Young* BELMONT *and Colonel* RAYMOND.

Belmont.

MY dear colonel, you are as unlettered in love as I am in war. What, a woman, a fine woman, a coquette, and my sister!—and to be won by whining! Mercy on us! that a well-built fellow, with common sense, should take pains to unman himself, to tempt a warm girl of two-and-twenty to come to bed to him! ——I say, again, and again, colonel, my sister's a woman.

Col. And the very individual woman that I want, Charles.

Bel. And of all women in the world the least fit for thee. An April day is less changeable than her humour. She laughs behind her fan at what she should not understand; calls timidity meanness, and blushing the want of education. In all affairs with a man,

she goes by contraries; if you tell her a merry story, she sighs; if a serious one, she laughs; for yes, she says no, and for no, yes; and is mistress of such obedient features, that her looks are always ready to confirm what her tongue utters.

Col. Fine painting, upon my word, and no flattery!

Bel. This is the lady. Now for the lover. A fellow made up of credulity and suspicion; believing where he should doubt, and doubting where he should believe; jealous without cause, and satisfied without proof. A great boy, that has lost his way, and blubbering through every road, but the right, to find his home again; ha, ha, ha!

Col. Mighty florid, indeed, sir!

Bel. Come, come, colonel; love that can exalt the brute to a man, has set you upon all-fours. Women are indeed delicious creatures; but not what you think them. The first wish of every mother's daughter is power, the second mischief: the way to her heart is by indifference, or abuse; for whoever owns her beauty, will feel her tyranny: but if he call her ugly or a fool, she'll set her cap at him, and take pains for his good opinion.

Col. And so, submission and flattery are out of your system?

Bel. For submission and flattery, I substitute impudence and contradiction; these two, well managed, my dear, will do more with beauty in an hour, than fine speeches in a year. Your fine woman expects adoration, and receives it as common incense, which

every fool offers; while the rude fellow, who tells her truth, claims all attention. Difficulty endears conquest. To him only she appears what she should be to all; and while she labours with her natural charms to secure him, she's lost herself.

Col. Why, faith, Charles, there may be some music in these wild notes; but I am so far gone in the old ballad, that I can sing no other words to any tune.

Bel. Ha, ha! Thou poor mournful nightingale in a cage, sing on then; and I'll whistle an upper part with thee, to give a little life to the measure.

Col. That will be kind; for Heaven knows I have need of assistance!——Pr'ythee, tell me, dost think Rosetta wants understanding?

Bel. N——o, faith, I think not.

Col. Good-humour?

Bel. Hum——She's generally pleased.

Col. What then can reconcile her behaviour to me, and her fondness for such a reptile as Faddle? A fellow made up of knavery and noise, with scandal for wit, and impudence for raillery; and so needy, that the very devil might buy him for a single guinea. I say, Charles, what can tempt her even to an acquaintance with this fellow?

Bel. Why, the very understanding and good-humour you speak of. A woman's understanding is design, and her good humour, mischief. Her advances to one fool are made only to tease another.

Col. Sir, your most humble servant.

Bel. And her good-humour is kept alive by the success of her plots.

Col. But why so constant to her fool?

Bel. Because her fool's the fittest for her purpose—He has more tricks than her monkey, more prate than her parrot, more servility than her lap-dog, more lies than her woman, and more wit than her—colonel. And faith, all these things considered, I can't blame my sister for her constancy.

Col. Thou art a wild fellow, and in earnest about nothing but thy own pleasures—and so we'll change the subject. What says Fidelia?

Bel. Why, there, now!—That a man can't instruct another but he must be told, by way of thanks, how much he stands in need of assistance himself!

Col. Any new difficulties?

Bel. Mountains, colonel, a few mountains in my way. But if I want faith to remove them, I hope I shall have strength to climb them, and that will do my business.

Col. She's a woman, Charles.

Bel. By her outside one would guess so; but look a little farther, and, except the stubbornness of her temper, she has nothing feminine about her. She has wit without pertness, beauty without consciousness, pride without insolence, and desire without wantonness. In short, she has every thing——

Col. That you would wish to ruin in her. Why, what a devil are you, Charles, to speak so feelingly of virtues, which you only admire to destroy!

Bel. A very pretty comforter, truly!

Col. Come, come, Charles, if she is as well born as you pretend, what hinders you from cherishing these qualities in a wife, which you would ruin in a mistress?—Marry her, marry her.

Bel. And hang myself in her garters the next morning, to give her virtues the reward of widowhood.—Faith, I must read Pamela twice over first. But suppose her not born as I pretend, but the outcast of a beggar, and obliged to chance for a little education.

Col. Why, then her mind is dignified by her obscurity; and you will have the merit of raising her to a rank which she was meant to adorn. And where's the mighty matter in all this? You want no addition to your fortune, and have only to sacrifice a little unnecessary pride to necessary happiness.

Bel. Very heroical, upon my word!——And so, my dear colonel, one way or other, I must be married, it seems.

Col. If Fidelia can be honest, my life on't, you are of my mind within this fortnight. But, pr'ythee, since I am not to believe your former account of her, who is this delicious girl, that must and will get the better of your pride?

Bel. A sister of the Graces, without mortal father or mother; she dropped from the clouds in her cradle, was lulled by the winds, christened by the rains, fostered by a hag, sold for a whore, sentenced to a rape, and rescued by a rogue—to be ravished by her own consent. There's mystery and hieroglyphic for

you! and every syllable, my dear, a truth, beyond apocrypha.

Col. And what am I to understand by all this?

Bel. Faith, just as much as your understanding can carry. A man in love is not to be trusted with a secret.

Col. And, pray, most discreet sir, is Rosetta acquainted with her real history?

Bel. Not a circumstance. She has been amused like you, and still believes her to be the sister of a dead friend of mine at college bequeathed to my guardianship. But the devil, I find, owes me a grudge for former virtues; for this sister of mine, who dotes upon Fidelia, and believes every thing I have told her of her family and fortune, has very fairly turned the tables upon me.—She talks of equality of birth, forsooth; of virtue, prudence, and good sense; and bids me bless my stars for throwing in my way the only woman in the world that has good qualities enough to redeem my bad ones, and make me, what she says, every man ought to be—a good husband.

Col. Was ever poor innocent fellow in such distress!——But what says the old gentleman, your father?

Bel. Why, faith, the certainty of a little money would set him at work the same way——But I'll have one trial of skill with them yet.——As I brought her in by one lie, I'll take her out by another—I'll swear she's a whore—that I may get an opportunity to make her one.

Col. Most religiously resolved, upon my word!

Bel. Between you and me, colonel, has not your old gentleman, Sir Charles, a liquorish look out for Fidelia himself?

Col. No, upon my honour. I believe his assiduities there, are more to prevent the designs of another, than to forward any of his own.

Bel. As who should say, because I have no teeth for a crust, I'll muzzle the young dog that has. A pox of every thing that's old, but a woman!—for 'tis but varying her vocation a little, and you may make her as useful at fifty-five as fifteen. But what say you to a little chat with the girls this morning? I believe we shall find them in the next room.

Col. Not immediately——I have an appointment at White's.

Bel. For half an hour, I am your man there too.—D'ye return so soon?

Col. Sooner, if you will.

Bel. With all my heart. *Allons!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment. *Enter* ROSETTA *and* FIDELIA *meeting.*

Ros. O, my dear! I was just coming to see if you were dressed. You look as if you had pleasant dreams last night.

Fid. Whatever my dreams were, they cann't disturb the morning's happiness, of meeting my dear Rosetta so gay and charming.

Ros. My sweet creature!——But what were your dreams?

Fid. O, nothing—A confusion of gay castles, built by Hope, and thrown down by Disappointment.

Ros. O barbarous!——Well, for my part, I never built a castle in my sleep, that would not last till doomsday. Give me a dream, and I am mistress of the creation. I can do what I will with every man in it—And power, power, my dear, sleeping or waking, is a charming thing!

Fid. Now, in my opinion, a woman has no business with power——Power admits no equal, and dismisses friendship for flattery. Besides, it keeps the men at a distance, and that is not always what we wish.

Ros. But then, my dear, they'll come when we call them, and do what we bid them, and go when we send them——There's something pretty in that, sure ——And for flattery—take my word for't, 'tis the highest proof of a man's esteem—'Tis only allowing what one has not, because the fellow admires what one has—And she that can keep that, need not be afraid of believing she has more.

Fid. Ay, if she can keep that. But the danger is, in giving up the substance for the shadow.——Come, come, my dear, we are weak by nature, and 'tis but knowing that we are so, to be always upon our guard.

Fear may make a woman strong, but confidence undoes her.

Ros. Ha, ha! how different circumstances direct different opinions! You are in love with a rake of a fellow, who makes you afraid of yourself——And I hold in chains a mighty colonel, who's afraid of me. And so, my dear, we both go upon right principles. Your weakness keeps you upon your guard, and my power leaves me without danger.

Fid. And yet you must forgive me, if I tell you, that you love this colonel.

Ros. Who told you so, my dear creature?

Fid. I know it by the pains you take to vex him. Besides, I have seen you look as if you did.

Ros. Look, child!——Why don't I look like other people?

Fid. Ay, like other people in love. Oh, my dear, I have seen just such looks in the glass, when my heart has beat at my very lips.

Ros. Thou art the most provoking creature—

Fid. You must pardon me, Rosetta—I have a heart but little inclined to gaiety; and am rather wondering, that when happiness is in a woman's power, she should neglect it for trifles—or how it should ever enter her thoughts, that the rigour of a mistress can endear the submission of a wife.

Ros. As certain, my dear, as the repentance of a sinner out-weighs in opinion the life of a saint. But, to come to see's confession, I have, besides a woman's inclination to mischief, another reason for keeping off

a little——I am afraid of being thought mercenary.

Fid. Hey day!—why, are you not his equal every way?

Ros. That's not it—I have told you, that before his father's return from exile—You know his unhappy attachments to a successless party——This colonel (brought up in our family, and favoured by Sir Roger and my brother) laid violent siege to me for a whole year. Now, tho' I own I never disliked him, in all that time, either thro' pride, folly, or a little mischief, I never gave him the least hint, by which he could guess at my inclinations.

Fid. Right woman, upon my word!

Ros. 'Tis now about three months, since the king in his goodness recalled Sir Charles; and, by restoring the estate, made the colonel heir to a fortune, more than equal to my expectations. And now, to confess all, the airs that Folly gave me before, Reason bids me continue——for to surrender my heart at once to this new-made commander, would look as if the poor colonel had wanted a bribe for the governor. Besides, he has affronted my pride, in daring to imagine I could descend so low, as to be fond of that creature, Faddle. A fellow, formed only to make one laugh—a cordial for the spleen, to be bought by every body; and just as necessary in a family as a monkey. For which insolence, I must and will be revenged.

Fid. Well, I confess, this looks a little like reason. But, are you sure, all this while, the colonel, in de-

spair, won't raise the siege, and draw off his forces to another place?

Ros. Pshah! I have a better opinion of the men, child. Do but ply them with ill usage, and they are the gentlest creatures in the world. "Like other "beasts of prey, you must tame them by hunger— "but if once you feed them high, they are apt to run "wild, and forget their keepers."

Fid. And are all men so, Rosetta?

Ros. By the gravity of that question, I'll be whipped now, if you don't expect me to say something civil of my brother—Take care of him, Fidelia, "for hunger "can't tame him, nor fulness make him wilder."—— To leave you to his guardianship, was setting the fox to keep the chicken.

Fid. Wild as he is, my heart can never beat to another—And then I have obligations, that would amaze you.

Ros. Obligations!—Let me die, if I would not marry my colonel's papa, and put it out of his power to oblige, or [illegible]lige me.

Fid. Still you banter me with Sir Charles—Upon my life, he has no more designs upon me than you have—I know no reason for his friendship, but his general humanity, or perhaps the singularity of my circumstances.

Ros. Why, as you say, youth and beauty are particular circumstances to move humanity—Ha, ha, ha! —Oh, my dear, time's a great tell-tale, and will dis-

cover all—What a sweet mamma shall I have, when I marry the colonel!

Enter Young BELMONT, *and the* Colonel.

Bel. When you marry the colonel, sister!—A match, a match, child!—Here he is, just in the nick; and, faith as men go, very excellent stuff for a husband.

Col. Those were lucky words, madam.

Ros. Perhaps not so lucky, if you knew all, sir.—Now, or never, for a little lying, Fidelia, if you love me. [*Apart to* Fid.

Fid. I'll warrant you, my dear—You must know, sir, [*To* Bel.] that your sister has taken it into her head, that the colonel's father is my lover.

Ros. What is she going to say now? [*Aside.*

Fid. And as she looks upon herself to be as good as married to the colonel.

Ros. Who I!—I!—

Fid. She has been settling some family affairs with her new mamma here: and, upon my word, she's a sweet contriver.

Ros. And you think I won't be even with you for this, Fidelia?

Bel. Sister!

Col. And was it so, madam?—And may I hope?

Ros. Was it so, madam?—And may I hope? [*Mocking him.*] No, sir, it was not so, and you may not hope.—Do you call this wit, Fidelia?

Fid. My dear creature, you must allow me to laugh a little—Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. 'Tis mighty well, madam—Oh, for a little devil at my elbow now, to help out invention. [*Aside.*

Bel. Ha, ha, ha!—Won't it come, sister?

Ros. As soon as your manners, brother. You and your grave friend there, have been genteelly employed indeed, in listening at the door of a lady's chamber: and then, because you heard nothing for your purpose, to turn my own words to a meaning, I should hate myself for dreaming of.

Bel. Why, indeed, child, we might have perplexed you a little, if Fidelia had not so artfully brought you off.

Ros. Greatly obliged to her, really.

[*Walking in disorder.*

Col. I never knew till now, Rosetta, that I could find a pleasure in your uneasiness.

Ros. And you think, sir, that I shall easily forgive this insolence? But you may be mistaken, sir.

Bel. Poor thing, how it pants! Come, it shall have a husband! We must about it immediately, colonel, for she's all over in a flame.

Ros. You grow impertinent, brother. Is there no relief? [*Aside.*

Bel. Shall I lift up the sash for a little air, child?

Enter Servant.

Ros. So, John!—Have you delivered the card I gave you?

Serv. Yes, madam; and Mr Faddle desires his compliments to your ladyship, and Madam Fidelia.

Ros. Mr. Faddle, John!——Where did you see him?

Serv. He met me in the street, madam, and made me step into a coffee-house with him, 'till he wrote this, madam. [*Delivers a Letter, and exit.*

Ros Oh, the kind creature!—Here's a letter from Mr. Faddle, Fidelia!—Fortune, I thank thee for this little respite. [*Aside, and reading the Letter.*

Col. Does she suffer the fool to write to her too?

Fid. What, pining, colonel, in the midst of victory?

Col. To receive his letters, madam!—I shall run mad.

Bel. So!—Away prop, and down scaffold—All's over, I see.

Ros. Oh, Fidelia!—You shall hear it—You shall all hear it—And there's something in't about the colonel too.

Col. About me, madam. [*Peevishly.*

Ros. Nay, colonel, I am not at all angry now. Methinks this letter has made me quite another creature.—To be sure, Mr. Faddle has the most gallant way of writing! But his own words will speak best for him. [*Reads.*

'Dear creature,

Since I saw you yesterday, time has hung upon me like a winter in the country, and unless you appear at rehearsal of the new opera this morning, my sun

will be in total eclipse for two hours. Lady Fanny made us laugh last night, at What's my Thought like, by comparing your colonel to a great box o' the ear—because it was very rude, she said, and what nobody cared for—I have a thousand things to say, but the clamour of a coffee-house is an interruption to the sentiments of love and veneration, with which I am,

Madam, most unspeakably yours,

WM. FADDLE.'

——Is it not very polite, colonel?

Col. Extremely, madam!—Only a little out as to the box o' the ear: for you shall see him take it, madam, as carelessly as a pinch of snuff.

Ros. Fie, colonel! You would not quarrel before a lady, I hope. Fidelia, you must oblige me with your company to the rehearsal—I'll go put on my capuchin, and step into the coach, this moment.

Fid. I am no friend to public places; but I'll attend you, madam.

Ros. You'll come, colonel?

Col. To be sure, madam.

Bel. Sister!—Oh, you're a good creature!

[*Exit* Rosetta *laughing affectedly.*

Fid. Shall we have your company, sir? [*To* Bel.

Bel. We could find a way to employ time better, child——But I am your shadow, and must move with you every where. [*Exit* Fidelia.]——Ha, ha, ha!——How like a Saxon general dost thou look now!——while the enemy is upon the march, to proclaim *Te Deum* for a complete victory.

Col. I am but a man, Charles, and find myself no match for the devil and a woman.

Bel. Courage, boy!—and the flesh and the devil may be subdued—Ha, ha, ha!—Such a colonel!

[*Exit.*

" *Col.* Why this it is to be in love!——Well!—— " Let me but slip my leading-strings!—and if ever I " am a woman's baby again!——

" *To cheat our wishes nature meant the sex,*

" *And form'd them, less to please us, than perplex.*

[Exit."

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter Sir* ROGER BELMONT, *and Sir* CHARLES RAYMOND.

Sir Roger.

A VORACIOUS young dog!—Must I feed ortolans to pamper his gluttony!

Sir Char. Be under no apprehensions, Sir Roger; Mr. Belmont's excesses are mitigated by the levity of youth, and a too early indulgence. In his moments of thinking, I know him generous and noble—And for Fidelia;—I think I can be answerable for her conduct, both in regard to what she owes herself, and you.

Sir Ro. Why, look you, Sir Charles, the girl's a sweet girl, and a good girl—and beauty's a fine thing,

and virtue's a fine thing——But as for marriage!——Why—a man may buy fine things too dear. A little money, Sir Charles, would set off her beauty, and find her virtue employment—But the young rogue does not say a word of that, of late.

Sir Char. Nor of marriage, I am sure——His love of liberty will prevent your fears one way; and, I hope, Fidelia's honour, another.

Sir Ro. Must not have her ruined though!

Sir Char. Fear it not, Sir Roger——And when next you see your son, be a little particular in your enquiries about her family and circumstances—If she is what her behaviour bespeaks her, and he pretends, a lady of birth and fortune—why, secrets are unnecessary: if he declines an explanation, look upon the whole as a contrivance to cover purposes, which we must guard against.

Sir Ro. What, you don't think the rogue has had her, hah, Sir Charles?

Sir Char. No, upon my honour——I hold her innocence to be without stain——But to deal freely with my friend, I look upon her story as strange and improbable.—An orphan, of beauty, family, and fortune; committed by a dying brother to the sole care of a licentious young fellow!—You must pardon me, Sir Roger.

Sir Ro. Pray go on, sir.

Sir Char. Brought in at midnight too!——And then a young creature, well educated, and so irresistibly amiable, to be, in all appearance, without alliance,

friend, or acquaintance in the wide world!——a link, torn off from the general chain!——I say, Sir Roger, this is strange.

Sir Ro. By my troth and so it is!

Sir Char. I know not why I am so interested in this lady's concerns; but yesterday, I indulged my curiosity with her, perhaps, beyond the bounds of good-manners—I gave a loose to my suspicion, and added oaths of secrecy to my enquiries. But her answers only served to multiply my doubts; and still as I persisted, I saw her cheeks covered with blushes, and her eyes swimming in tears——But my life upon't, they were the blushes and the tears of innocence!

Sir Ro. We must and will be satisfied, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. For who knows, while we are delaying, but some unhappy mother, perhaps of rank too, may be wringing her hands in bitterness of misery for this lost daughter.—Girls, who have kept their virtue, Sir Roger, have done mad things for a man they love.

Sir Ro. And so indeed they have——I remember when I was a young fellow myself——But is not that my Charles coming through the hall yonder?

Sir Char. Ay, Sir Roger. Attack him now—But let your enquiries have more the shew of accidental chat than design; for too much earnestness may beget suspicion—And so, sir, I leave you to your discretion. [*Exit.*

Sir Ro. You shall see me again before I have done—A pox of these young, rakish rogues!—a girl's worth twenty of them—if one could but manage her.

Enter Young BELMONT, *repeating*,

Bel. No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like sudden death, it came;
Like mariners, by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment——

My dear sir, I have not seen you to-day before!

Sir Ro. What, studying poetry, boy, to help out the year's allowance?

Bel. Faith, sir, times are hard—and unless you come down with a fresh hundred now and then, I may go near to disgrace your family——and turn poet.

Sir Ro. And so want friends all thy life after! But now we talk of money, Charles, what art thou doing with Fidelia's money? I am thinking, that a round sum thrown into the stocks now, might turn to a pretty tolerable account.

Bel. The stocks, sir?

Sir Ro. Ay, boy. My broker will be here after dinner, and he shall have a little chat with thee, about laying out a few of her thousands.

Bel. I hope he'll tell us where we shall get these thousands. [*Aside.*

Sir Ro. Thou dost not answer me, Charles—Art dumb, boy?

Bel. Why, to be sure, sir, as to that——Fidelia——I can't say, but that she may——However, that is, you know, sir——If [illegible] possibility——Will your broker be here after dinner, sir?

Sir Ro. Take a little time, Charles; for, at present, thou dost not make thyself so clearly understood.

Bel. Quite right to be sure, sir—Nothing could, beyond all doubt, be more judicious, or more advantageous—Her interest, sir—why as to that—a pretty fortune—but—did you know her brother, sir?

Sir Ro. Who I, child?——No.

Bel. Faith, nor I neither. [*Aside.*]—Not know Jack, sir?——The rogue would have made you laugh.——Did I never read you any of his epigrams?—But then he had such an itch for play!—Why he would set you a whole fortune at a cast!—And such a mimic too!—But no œconomy in the world——Why, it cost him a cool six thousand, to stand for member once——Oh, I could tell you such stories of that election, sir——

Sir Ro. Pr'ythee, what borough did he stand for?

Bel. Lord, sir!——He was flung all to nothing——My Lord What-d'ye-call-um's son carried it fifteen to one, at half the expence——In short, sir, by his extravagance, affairs are so perplexed, so very intricate, that, upon my word, sir, I declare it, I don't know what to think of them——A pox of these questions! [*Aside.*

Sir Ro. But she has friends and relations, Charles:—I fancy, if I knew who they were, something might be done.

Bel. Yes, yes, sir, she has friends and relations—I see, sir, you know nothing of her affairs——Such a string of them!——The only wise thing her brother

ever did, was making me her guardian, to take her out of the reach of those wretches——I shall never forget his last words——Whatever you do, my dear Charles, says he, taking me by the hand, keep that girl from her relations. Why, I would not for a thousand pounds, sir, that any of them should know where she is.

Sir Ro. Why, we have been a little cautious, Charles ——But where does the estate lie?

Bel. Lord, sir!——an estate and no estate——I wonder a man of your knowledge would ask the question.—An earthquake may swallow it for any thing I care.

Sir Ro. But where does it lie, Charles?——In what county, I say?

Bel. And then there's the six thousand pounds, that her father left her——

Sir Ro. What! that gone too, Charles?

Bel. Just as good, I believe—Every shilling on't in a lawyer's hands.

Sir Ro. But she is not afraid to see him too, Charles? ——Where does he live?

Bel. Live, sir!—Do you think such a fellow ought to live?—Why, he has trumpt up a contract of marriage with this girl, sir, under the penalty of her whole fortune—There's a piece of work for you!

Sir Ro. But has he no name, Charles?——What is he called, I say?

Bel. You cann't call him by any name, that's too

bad for him——But if I don't draw his gown over his ears—why say, I am a bad guardian, sir—that's all.

Sir Ro. If this should be apocryphal now?

Bel. Sir?

Sir Ro. A fetch! a fib, Charles!—to conceal some honest man's daughter, that you have stolen, child!

Bel. And brought into a sober family, to have the entire possession of, without lett, or molestation?—Why, what a deal of money have you lavished away, sir, upon the education of a fool?

Sir Ro. There is but that one circumstance to bring thee off—For to be sure, her affairs might have been as well settled in private lodgings——And besides, Charles, a world of troublesome questions, and lying answers, might have been saved.——But take care, boy;——for I may be in the secret before thou art aware on't.——A great rogue, Charles! [*Exit.*

Bel. So! The mine's sprung, I see—and Fidelia has betrayed me. And yet, upon cooler thoughts, she durst not break her word with me; for though she's a woman, the devil has no part in her——Now will I be hanged, if my loving sister is not at the bottom of all this——But if I don't out-plot her——Let me see!——Ay—Saddle shall be called in—for the fool loves mischief like an old maid; and will out-lie an attorney.

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. What, musing, brother!—Now would I fain

know, which of all the virtues has been the subject of your contemplations?

Bel. Patience, patience, child—for he that has connection with a woman, let her be wife, mistress, or sister, must have patience.

Ros. The most useful virtue in the world, brother!—and Fidelia shall be your tutoress—I'll hold six to four, that she leads you into the practice on't with more dexterity than the best philosopher in England——She shall teach it, and yet keep the heart without hope, brother.

Bel. Why that's a contrary method to yours, sister;—for you give hope, where you mean to try patience most—and I take it, that you are the abler mistress in the art. Why, every coxcomb in town has been your scholar, child.

Ros. Not to learn patience——there's your mistake now; for it has been my constant practice to put my scholars out of all patience. What are you thinking of, brother?

Bel. Why, I was thinking, child, that 'twould be a question to puzzle a conjurer, what a coquette was made for.

Ros. Am I one, brother?

Bel. Oh, fie, sister!

Ros. Lord! I that am no conjurer, can tell you that——A coquette!——Oh!—Why, a coquette is a sort of beautiful desert in wax-work, that tempts the fool to an entertainment, merely to baulk his appetite.——And will any one tell me that nature had no hand in

tice making a coquette, when she answers such wise and necessary purposes?—Now, pray, sir, tell me what a rake was made for?

Bel. Am I one, sister?

Ros. Oh, fie, brother!

Bel. Nay, child, if a coquette be so useful in the system of morals, a rake must be the most horrid thing in nature—He was born for her destruction, child—she loses her being at the very sight of him—and drops plump into his arms, like a charmed bird into the mouth of a rattle-snake.

Ros. Bless us all!—What a mercy it is, that we are brother and sister!

Bel. Be thankful for't night and morning upon your knees, hussy—for I should certainly have been the ruin of you——But come, Rosetta—'tis allowed then that we are rake and coquette——And now, do you know, that the essential difference between us lies only in two words—petticoat and breeches.

Ros. Ay, make that out, and you'll do something.

Bel. Pleasure, child, is the business of both—and the same principles that make me a rake, would make you—no better than you should be—were it not for that tax upon the petticoat, called scandal. Your wishes are restrained by fear; mine, authorised by custom: and while you are forced to sit down with the starved comfort of making men fools, I am upon the wing to make girls——women, child.

Ros. Now, as I hope to be married, I would not be a rake for the whole world——unless I were a man;

and then, I do verily believe, I should turn out just such another.

Bel. That's my dear sister!—Give me your hand, child.———Why, now thou art the honestest girl in St. James's parish——and I'll trust thee for the future with all my secrets——I am going to Fidelia, child.

Ro. What a pity 'tis, brother, that she is not such a coquette as I am?

Bel. Not so, neither, my sweet sister; for, faith, the conquest will be too easy to keep a man constant.

Ros. Civil creature!

Bel. But here comes the colonel—Now to our several vocations——You to fooling, and I to business—— At dinner we'll meet, and compare notes, child.

Ros. For a pot of coffee, I succeed best.

Bel. Faith, I'm afraid so. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel RAYMOND.

Col. To meet you alone, madam, is a happiness—

Ros. Pray, colonel, are you a rake? Methinks I would fain have you a rake.

Col. Why so, madam?——'Tis a character I never was fond of.

Ros. Because I am tired of being a coquette---and my brother says, that a rake can transform one, in the flirt of a fan.

Col. I would be any thing, madam, to be better in your opinion.

Ros. If you were a rake now, what would you say to me?

Col. Nothing, madam——I would——

[*Snatches her hand, and kisses it.*

Ros. Bless me!——is the man mad!——I only asked what you would say to me?

Col. I would say, madam, that you are my life, my soul, my angel!——That all my hopes of happiness are built upon your kindness!

Ros. Very well!——keep it up!

Col. That your smiles are brighter than virtue, and your charms better than liberty!

Ros. Upon my word!

Col. Oh, Rosetta!——How can you trifle so with a heart that loves you?

Ros. Very well!——Pathetic too!

"*Col.* Nay, nay, this is carrying the jest too far—"

" If you knew the situation of my mind, you would " not torture me thus.

" *Ros.* Situation of the mind!——Very geogra- " phical!——Go on!

" *Col.* Pshah!——This is not in your nature.

" *Ros.* Suspicion!——Pretty enough!

" *Col.* You know I have not deserved this.

" *Ros.* Anger too!"——Go on!

Col. No, madam,——Faddle can divert you this way at an easier price.

Ros. And jealousy!——All the vicissitudes of love!——Incomparable!

Col. You will force me to tell you, madam, that I can bear to be your jest no longer.

Ros. Or thus———

Am I the jest of her I love!
Forbid it all the gods above!

——It may be rendered either way——But I am for the rhyme——I love poetry vastly—Don't you love poetry, Colonel?

Col. This is beyond all patience, madam.

[*Very angrily.*

Ros. Bless me!—Why, you have not been in earnest, Colonel?——Lord, Lord, how a silly woman may be mistaken!

Col. Shall I ask you one serious question, madam?

Ros. Why, I find myself somewhat whimsical this morning—and I don't care if I do take a little stuff—but don't let it be bitter.

Col. Am I to be your fool always, madam, or, like other fools, to be made a husband of, when my time's out?

Ros. Lord, you men-creatures do ask the strangest questions!—Why how can I possibly say now, what I shall do ten years hence?

Col. I am answered, madam. [*Walking in disorder.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Faddle, madam. [*Exit.*

Enter FADDLE.

Fad. Oh, my dear, soft toad!——And the colonel,

by all that's scarlet!—Now, pox catch me, if nature ever formed so complete a couple——since the firft pair in Paradise.

Ros. 'Tis well you are come, Faddle—Give me something to laugh at, or I shall die with the spleen.

Col. Ay, sir, make the lady laugh this moment, or I shall break your bones, rascal.

Fad. Lord, colonel!—What!—What!—hah!—

Col. Make her laugh this instant, I say, or I'll make you cry—Not make her laugh, when she bids you!——Why, sirrah!—I have made her laugh this half hour, without bidding.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!

Fad. Why there, there, there, colonel!—She does, she does, she does!——

Enter Young BELMONT, *and* FIDELIA.

Bel. Why, how now, Faddle!——What has been the matter, pr'ythee?

Col. A rascal!——Not make a lady laugh.

Fad. What, Charles, and my little Fiddy, too!—Stand by me a little——for this robust Colonel has relaxed my very sinews, and quite tremulated my whole system.——I could not have collected myself, without your presence.

Fid. And was he angry with you, Faddle?

Fad. To a degree, my dear——But I have forgot it—I bear no malice to any one in the world, child.

Ros. Do you know, Faddle, that I have a quarrel with you too?

Fad. You, child!—Heh! heh!—What, I am inconstant, I suppose—and have been the ruin of a few families this winter, hah, child?—Murder will out, though it's done in the centre——But come, *vivace!* Let the storm loose——and you shall see me weather it, like the osier in the fable——It may bend, but not break me.

Ros. Nay, it shall come in a breeze——I'll whisper it. [*Whispers* Faddle.

Bel. Colonel!

Col. Now I could cut my throat, for being vexed at this puppy: and yet the devil, jealousy, will have it so. [*Apart to* Belmont.

Fad. Oh, what a creature have you named, child!---Heh, heh, heh!——May grace renounce me, and darkness seal my eye-lids, if I would not as soon make love to a miller's doll.

Bel. Pr'ythee, what mistress has she found out for thee, Faddle?

Fad. By all that's odious, Charles, Miss Gargle, the 'pothecary's daughter: the toad is fond of me, that's positive: but such a mess of water-gruel!---Ugh!——To all purposes of joy, she's an armful of dry shavings! And then she's so jealous of one!---Lord, says she, Mr. Faddle, you are eternally at Sir Roger's; one can't set eyes upon you in a whole day ---Heh, heh! And then the tears do so trickle down those white-wash cheeks of hers, that if she [illegible] but warm me to the least fit of the heart-burn,

I believe I should be tempted to take her, by way of chalk and water.---Heh, heh, heh!

Bel. Ros. Fid. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. Isn't he a pleasant creature, colonel?

Col. Certainly, madam, of infinite wit, with abundance of modesty.

Fad. Pugh!---Pox of modesty, colonel! But do you know, you slim toad you, [*To* Rosetta] what a battle I had last night, in a certain company, about you, and that ugly gipsy there?

Fid. Meaning me, sir?

Fad. Pert, and pretty!---You must know, there was Jack Taffety, Billy Cruel, Lord Harry Gymp, and I, at Jack's lodgings, all in tip-top spirits, over a pint of burgundy—a pox of all drinking though! I shall never get it out of my head.—Well, we were toasting a round of beauties, you must know: the girl of your heart, Faddle, says my lord. Rosetta Belmont, my lord, says I---and, faith, down you went, you delicate devil you, in almost half a glass. ---Rot your toast, says my lord, I was fond of her last winter.———She's a wit, says Jack; and a scold, by all that's noisy, says Billy.——Isn't she a little freckled, says my lord? Damnationally padded, says Jack; and painted like a Dutch doll, by Jupiter, says Billy. She's very unsusceptible, says my lord. No more warmth than a snow ball, says Jack.—A mere cold-bath to a lover, curse catch me, says Billy.---Heh, heh, heh! Says I; that's because you want heart to warm her, my dears: to me now, she's all

over combustibles; I can electrify her by a look: touch but her lip, and snap she goes off in a flash of fire.

Ros. Oh, the wretch! what a picture has he drawn of me! [*To* Fidelia.

Fid. You must be curious, my dear.

Bel. Ha, ha! But you forgot Fidelia, Faddle.

Fad. Oh!——And there's the new face, says Billy—Fidelia, I think they call her.——If she was an appurtenance of mine, says my lord, I'd hang her upon a peg in my wardrobe, amongst my cast clothes.——With those demure looks of hers, says Jack, I'd send her to my aunt in Worcestershire, to set her face by, when she went to church. Or, what think you, says Billy, of keeping her in a show-glass, by way of——gentlemen and ladies, walk in, and see the curiosity of curiosities——the perfect Pamela in high life! Observe, gentlemen, the blushing of her cheeks, the turning up of her eyes, and her tongue, that says nothing but fie! fie!——Ha, ha, ha!——Incomparable! said all three——Pugh, pox, says I, not so bad as that neither: the little toad has not seen much of the town indeed: but she'll do in time; and a glass of preniac may serve one's turn, you know, when champaign is not to be had.

[*Bowing to* Rosetta.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. Why, thou didst give it them, faith, bully.

Fid. I think, Rosetta, we were mighty lucky in our advocate.

" *Ros.* Prodigious!

" *Fad.* Poor toads!—Oh!—I had forgot: you left " the rehearsal of the new opera this morning in the " most unlucky time! The very moment you were " gone, souse came into the pit, my friend the alder- " man and his fat wife, tricked out in sun-shine: " you must know, I drank chocolate with them in " the morning, and heard all the ceremony of their " proceedings—Sir Barnaby, says my lady, I shall " wear my pink and silver, and my best jewels; and, " d'ye hear? Do you get Betty to tack on your dres- " dens, and let Pompey comb out the white tie, and " bring down the blue coat lined with buff, and the " brown silk breeches, and the gold-headed cane: I " think, as you always wear your coat buttoned, that " green waistcoat may do; but 'tis so besmeared, " that I vow it's a filthy sight with your night-gown " open: and as you go in the coach with me, you " may get your white stockings aired——But you are " determined never to oblige me with a pair of roll- " ups upon these occasions, notwithstanding all " I have said We are to mix with quality this " morning, Mr. Faddle, and it may be proper to let " them know as how, there are people in the city, " who live of the Westminster side of Wapping. " Your ladyship's perfectly in the right, madam, " says I——[*Stifling a laugh.*] and for fear of a horse- " laugh in her face, slap-dash, I made a leg, and " brushed off like lightning.

" *All.* Ha, ha, ha!"

Enter Servant, and whispers ROSETTA.

Ros. Come, gentlemen, dinner waits——We shall have all your companies, I hope.

Bel. You know, you dine with me at the King's-Arms, Faddle. [*Apart to* Faddle.

Fad. Do I? I am sorry, my dear creature, that a particular appointment robs me of the honour. [*To* Rosetta.

Ros. Pshah! you are always engaged, I think.—Come, Fidelia. [*Exeunt* Rosetta *and* Fidelia.

Col. Why then, thank heaven, there's some respite! [*Exit.*

Bel. Hark you, Faddle; I hope you are not in the least ignorant, that upon particular occasions, you can be a very great rascal?

Fad. Who I, Charles?—Pugh!—Pox!—Is this the dinner I am to have?

Bel. Courage, boy! And because I think so well of thee, there: [*Gives him a purse*] 'twill buy thee a new laced coat, and a feather.

Fad. Why ay, this is something, Charles. But what am I to do, hah? I won't fight, upon my soul, I won't fight.

Bel. Thou canst lie a little.

Fad. A great deal, Charles, or I have spent my time among women of quality to little purpose.

Bel. I'll tell thee then. This sweet girl, this angel, this stubborn Fidelia, sticks so at my heart, that I must either get the better of her, or run mad.

Fad. And so thou wouldst have me aiding and abetting, hah, Charles? Must not be tucked up for a rape neither.

Bel. Peace, fool! About three months ago, by a very extraordinary adventure, this lady dropped into my arms. It happened that our hearts took fire at first sight—But as the devil would have it, in the hurry of my first thoughts, not knowing where to place her, I was tempted, for security, to bring her to this haunted house here, where, between the jealousy of Sir Charles, the gravity of the colonel, the curiosity of a sister, and the awkward care of a father, she must become a vestal, or I—a husband.

Fad. And so, by way of a little simple fornication, you want to remove her to private lodgings, hah, Charles?

Bel. But how, how, how—thou dear rascal?

Fad. Let me see——Hum——And so, you are not her guardian, Charles?

Bel. Nor she the woman she pretends, boy——I tell thee, she was mine by fortune——I tilted for her at midnight——But the devil tempted me, I say, to bring her hither——The family was in bed, which gave me time for contrivance——I prevailed upon her to call me guardian——that by pretending authority over her, I might remove her at pleasure ——But here too I was deceived——My sister's fondness for her has rendered every plot of mine to part them impracticable——And without thy willing assistance, we must both die in our virginity.

Fad. Hum! That would be a pity, Charles——But let me see——Ay——I have it.——Within these three hours, we'll contrive to set the house in such a flame, that the devil himself may take her——if he stand at the street-door——To dinner, to dinner, boy! 'Tis here, here, here, Charles!

Bel. If thou dost——

Fad. And if I don't——why no more purses, Charles.——I tell thee, 'tis here, here, boy! To dinner, to dinner! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* ROSETTA *and* FIDELIA.

Fidelia.

'Tis all your own doing, my dear. You first tease him into madness, and then wonder to hear his chains rattle.

Ros. And yet how one of my heavenly smiles sobered him again!

Fid. If I were a man, you should use me so but once, Rosetta.

Ros. Pshuh!—If you were a man, you would do as men do, child——Ha, ha, ha!——They are creatures of robust constitutions, and will bear a great deal——Besides, for my part, I cann't see what a reasonable fellow ought to expect before marriage, but ill usage.——You can't imagine, my dear, how it sweetens kindness afterwards——"'Tis bringing a poor

" starved creature to a warm fire, after a whole night's " wandering through frost and snow.

" *Fid.* But, to carry on the image, my dear—won't " he be apt to curse the tongue that misguided him; " and take up with the first fire he meets with, rather " than perish in the cold?————I could sing you a " song, Rosetta, that one would swear was made o' " purpose for you.

" *Ros.* O, pray let me hear it.

SONG *by* Fidelia.

" *For a shape, and a bloom, and an air, and a mien,*
" *Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green;*
" *But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,*
" *Those her beauties invited, her pride would destroy.*

" *By the flocks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the vale,*
" *Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;*
" *Tho' fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,*
" *And return'd with neglect, what she heard with disdain.*

" *But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,*
" *And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies.*
" *The nymph cur'd by time, of her folly and pride,*
" *Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she deny'd.*

" *No longer she frolics it wide o'er the plain,*
" *To toll with her coynes the languishing swain;*
" *So humbled her pride is, so soften'd her mind,*
" *That, tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind.*

" *Ros.* Pshah!——there's a song indeed!——You " should sing of men's perjuries, my dear——of kind " nymphs, and cloy'd shepherds"———For, take my word for't, there's no charm like cruelty, to keep the men constant; nor no deformity like kindness, to make them loath you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter for your ladyship, madam. [*Exit.*

Ros. For me? I don't remember the hand.

[*Opens and reads the letter to herself.*

Fid. " I have a little inclination to be cheerful, tho' " I sing songs, and prattle thro' the whole day—Bel- " mont! Belmont! [*Aside.*]" You seem strangely concerned, madam——I hope no ill news.

Ros. The worst in the world, Fidelia, if it be true.

Fid. Pray Heaven it be false then!——But must it be a secret?——I hope, my dear Rosetta knows, that whatever affects her quiet, can't leave mine undisturbed.

Ros. Who's there?

Enter Servant

How did you receive this letter?

Serv. From a porter, madam.

Ros. Is he without?

Serv. No, madam; he said it required no answer.

Ros. Had you any knowledge of him?

Serv. Not that I remember, madam.

Ros. Should you know him again?

Serv. Certainly, madam.

Ros. Where did my brother say he dined to-day?

Serv. At the King's-Arms, madam.

Ros. And Mr. Faddle with him?

Serv. They went out together, madam.

Ros. Run this moment, and say I desire to speak with both of them immediately, upon an extraordinary affair.

Serv. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*

Fid. What can this mean, Rosetta?——Am I unfit to be trusted?

Ros. Tell me, Fidelia—But no matter—Why should I disturb you?—I have been too grave.

Fid. Still more and more perplexing!——But my enquiries are at an end—I shall learn to be less troublesome, as you are less kind, Rosetta.

Ros. Pr'ythee don't talk so, Fidelia——I can never be less kind,

Fid. Indeed, I won't deserve you should.

Ros. I know it, Fidelia.—But tell me then—Is there a circumstance in your life, that would call a blush to your cheeks, if 'twere laid as open to the world's knowledge, as to your own?

Fid. If from the letter you ask me that strange question, madam, surely I should see it.

Ros. I think not, Fidelia——Nor, upon second thoughts, 'tis a trifle, not worth your notice.

Fid. Why were you so much alarmed then?

Ros. I confess, it startled me at first—But 'tis a lying letter and should not trouble you.

Fid. Then it relates to me, madam?

Ros. No matter, Fidelia.

Fid. I have lost my friend, then———I begged at first, to be a sharer in Rosetta's griefs——but now I find they are all my own, and she denies my right to them.

Ros. This is too much, Fidelia——And now to keep you longer in suspense would be cruelty.——But the writer of this scroll has a mind darker than night.—You shall join with me in wondering, that there is such a monster in the world. [*Reads.*

'*To Miss* Rosetta Belmont.

'Madam,

'As I write without a name, I am alike indifferent to your thanks or resentment.—Fidelia is not what she seems—She has deceived you, and may your brother, to his ruin. Women of the town know how to wear the face of innocence, when it serves the purposes of guilt.——Faddle, if he pleases can inform you farther—But be assured, I have my intelligence from more sufficient authority.

'P. S. There needs no farther address in this matter, than a plain question to Fidelia—Is she the sister of Mr. Belmont's friend?'

Fid. Then I am lost! [*Aside.*

Ros. What, in tears, Fidelia?———Nay, I meant to raise your contempt only———Pr'ythee, look up, and let us laugh at the malice of this nameless libeller.

Fid. No, Rosetta——The mind must be wrapt in

its own innocence that can stand against the storms of malice——I fear I have not that mind.

Ros. What mind, Fidelia?

Fid. And yet that letter is a false one.

Ros. Upon my life, it is——For you are innocence itself.

Fid. Oh, Rosetta!——No sister of Mr. Belmont's friend kneels to you for pardon—but a poor wretched out-cast of fortune, that with an artful tale has imposed upon your nature, and won you to a friendship for a helpless stranger that never knew herself.

Ros. Rise, Fidelia—But take care!—For if you have deceived me, honesty is nothing but a name.

Fid. Think not too hardly of me neither—For tho' I am not what I seem, I would not be what that letter calls me, to be mistress of the world.

Ros. I have no words, Fidelia—Speak on——But methinks you should not weep so.

Fid. Nay, now, Rosetta, you compel me—For this gentleness is too much for me—I have deceived you, and you are kind—If you would dry up my tears, call forth your resentment——Anger might turn me into stone—but compassion melts me.

Ros. I have no anger, Fidelia——Pray go on.

Fid. When my tears will let me——I have played a foolish game, Rosetta——and yet my utmost fault has been consenting to deceive you.—What I am, I know not——That I am not what I seem, I know.——But

why I have seemed otherwise than I am, again I know not.——'Tis a riddle that your brother only can explain.——He knows the story of my life, and will in honour reveal it. Would he were here!

Ros. Would he were, Fidelia!—for I am upon the rack—Pr'ythee go on, and inform me farther.

Fid. There's my grief, Rosetta—For I am bound by such promises to silence, that, to clear my innocence, would be to wound it.———All I have left to say, is, that my condition of life only has been assumed, my virtue never.

Enter Servant.

Ros. Well, sir!

Serv. Mr. Belmont, madam, was just gone: but Mr. Faddle will wait upon your ladyship immediately.

Ros. Did they say where my brother went?

Serv. They did not know.——Mr. Faddle is here, madam. [*Exit.*

Enter FADDLE, *humming a tune.*

Fad. In obedience to your extrordinary commands, madam———But you should have been alone, child.

Ros. No trifling, sir——Do you know this handwriting? [*Gives him the letter.*

Fad. Hum!——Not I, as I hope to be saved——Nor you neither, I believe. [*Aside.*] Is it for my perusal, madam?

Fid. And your answering too, sir.

Fad. Mighty well, madam. [*Reads.*] Hum!—Fidelia—Women—of the town—Innocence—Guilt—Faddle inform you farther!———Why, what a pox am I brought in for?———Intelligence—Question—Fidelia——Sister of Mr. Belmont's friend.

[*Stares and whistles.*

Ros. Well, sir! [*Takes the letter.*

Fad. Oh!—I am to guess at the writer——Cann't upon my soul——Upon my soul I cann't, child——'Tis a woman, I believe tho', by the damned blabbing that's in't.

Fid. The letter says, sir, that you can inform this lady farther concerning me.——Now, sir, whatever you happen to know, or to have heard of me, deliver it freely, and without disguise.———I entreat it, as an act of friendship, that will for ever oblige me.

Fad. Let me see———No———It cann't be her neither——She is a woman of too much honour—and yet, I don't remember to have opened my lips about it, to any soul but her.

Fid. You know me then, sir?

Ros. Speak out, sir.

Fad. Methinks, if these letter-writers were a little more communicative of their own names, and less so of their neighbours, there would be more honesty in them.—Why am I introduced here!—Truly, forsooth, because a certain person in the world is overburthened with the secrets of her own slips, and for a little vent, chooses to blab those of another—Faddle inform you farther!—Faddle will be damned as soon.

Ros. Hark you, sir—If you intend to enter these doors again, tell me all you know, for I will have it. You have owned your telling it elsewhere, sir.

Fid. What is it you told, sir?

Fad What I sha'n't tell here, madam. Her angry ladyship must excuse me, faith.

Ros. 'Tis very well, sir!

Fid Indeed, Rosetta, he knows nothing.

Fad Nothing in the world, madam, as I hope to be saved. Mine is all hearsay. And, curse upon them! the whole town may be in a lie, for any thing I know. So they said of Lady Bridget, that she went off with her footman; but 'twas all slander, for 'twas a horse grenadier, that she bought a commission for last week.

Ros. What has Lady Bridget, or the town, to do with Fidelia, sir?

Fad. So I said, madam—the very words. Says I, a woman of the town? Does a slip or two with particulars make a lady a woman of the town? Or if it did, says I, many a one has taken up, and lived honestly afterwards. A woman of the town indeed!

Fid. Hold your licentious tongue, sir! Upon my life, Rosetta, 'tis all malice. 'Tis his own contrivance. I dare him to produce another villain, that's base enough to say this of me.

Fad. Right, madam! Stick to that, and 'egad, I'll be of your side. [*Aloud in her ear.*

Fid. Insolence! [*Strikes him.*] Oh, I am hurt beyond all bearing!

Ros. And I, lost in perplexity. If thou art linked with any wretch base enough to contrive this paper, or art thyself the contriver, may poverty and a bad heart be thy companions: but if thou art privy to any thing, that concerns the honour of this family, give it breath, and I'll insure thee both protection and reward.

Fid. I dare him to discovery.

Fad. Ladies, I have had the honour of a blow conferred on me by one of you, and am favoured with the offer of protection and reward from the other; now to convince both, that, in spite of indignities, or obligations, I can keep a secret, if ever I open my lips upon this matter, may plague, famine, and the horned devil consume and seize me. And so, ladies, I take my leave. [*Exit singing.*

Ros. What can this fellow mean, Fidelia! Has he not abused you?

Fid. Is it a doubt then? Would I had leave to speak!

Ros. And why not, Fidelia? Promises unjustly extorted, have no right to observance. You have deceived me by your own acknowledgment, and methinks, at such a time, matters of punctilio should give place to reason and necessity.

Fid. I dare not, Rosetta. 'Twould be a crime to your brother, and I owe him more than all the world.

Ros. And what are those obligations, Fidelia?

Fid. Not for me to mention. Indeed, I dare not, Rosetta.

Ros. 'Tis well, madam! And when you are inclined to admit me to your confidence, I shall perhaps know better how to conduct myself. [*Going.*

Enter Young BELMONT, *meeting her.*

Oh, are you come, brother! Your friend's sister, your ward there, has wanted you, sir.

Bel. What is it, Fidelia?

Fid. I have no breath to speak it. Your sister, sir, can better inform you.

Ros. Read that, sir.

[*Gives him the letter, which he reads to himself.*

Fid. Now, Rosetta, all shall be set right. Your brother will do me justice, and account for his own conduct.

Ros. I expect so, Fidelia.

Bel. Impertinent! [*Gives back the letter.*] I met Faddle as I came in, and I suppose in pure love of mischief, he has made my believing sister here, a convert to the villany of that letter. But I'll make the rascal unsay every thing he has said, or his bones shall ache for't. [*Going.*

Fid. Stay, sir, I entreat you. That I am a counterfeit, in part, I have already confessed——

Bel. You have done wrong then.

Fid. But am I a creature of the town, sir? Your sister must learn that from you. You have been once my deliverer—be so now. Tell her, I am poor and miserable, but not dishonest. That I have only consented to deceive her, not desired it. Tell her, I de-

serve her pity, not her anger. 'Tis my only request. Can you deny it me?

Bel. You have said too much, Fidelia. And for your own sake, I shall forbear to mention what I know of your story. How far your own honour is bound, you are the best judge. But a breach of the most solemn promises, let me tell you, madam, will be a wretched vindication of the innocence you contend for.

Fid. And is this all, sir?

Bel. For my own part, I must have better authority than Faddle, or a nameless writer, to believe any thing to your dishonour. And for you, sister, I must not have this lady ill-treated. While I am satisfied of her innocence your suspicions are impertinent. Nor will I consent to her removal, madam, mark that, whatever you, in your great wisdom, may have privately determined. [*Exit.*

Ros. You are a villain, brother.

Fid Now I have lost you, Rosetta!

Ros. When you incline to be a friend to yourself, Fidelia, you may find one in me. But while explanations are avoided, I must be allowed to act from my own opinion, and agreeable to the character I am to support. [*Exit.*

Fid. Then I am wretched! But that's no novelty. I have wandered from my cradle, the very child of misfortune. To retire and weep, must now be my only indulgence. [*Exit.*

Enter BELMONT.

Bel. Why, what a rogue am I! Here have I thrown a whole family, and that my own too, into perplexities, that innocence can't oppose, nor cunning guard against. And all for what? Why, a woman—Take away that excuse, and the devil himself would be a a saint to me; for in the rest is sinning without temptation. In my commerce with the world, I am guarded against the mercenary vices.—I think, I have honour above lying, courage above cruelty, pride above meanness, and honesty above deceit; and yet, throw but coy beauty in my way, and all the vices, by turns, take possession of me. Fortune, Fortune, give me success this once——and I'll build churches!

Enter FADDLE.

Fad. What, Charles—Is the coast clear, and the finishing stroke given to my embassy, hah?

Bel. Thou hast been a most excellent rascal, and faith, matters seem to be in a promising condition. For I have flung that in Rosetta's way, which if she keeps her womanhood, will do the business.

Fad. Pr'ythee, what's that, Charles?

Bel. Why, I have bid her not to think of parting with Fidelia.

Fad. Nay, then, tip—she goes headlong out at window. But hast thou no bowels, Charles? for, me-

thinks, I begin to feel some twitches of compunction about me.

Bel. I understand you, sir; but I have no more purses.

Fad. Why, look you, Charles, we must find a way to lull this conscience of mine—here will be the devil to do else. That's a very pretty ring, Charles.

Bel. Is it so, sir? Hark you, Mr. Dog, if you demur one moment to fetching and carrying in this business, as I bid you, you shall find my hand a little heavy upon you.

Fad. Pugh, pox, Charles! can't a body speak? People may be in good-humour, when they want people to do things for people, methinks.

Bel. Troop this moment, with your rascally conscience to the King's Arms, and wait there till I come, sir.

Fad. Why so I will, Charles——A pox of the swaggering son of a——Not so big neither, if one had but a little courage. [*Aside and going.*

Bel. Hark you, Faddle—Now I think on't, there is a way yet for thee to make another purse out of this business.

Fad. Why, one would not be a rogue for nothing, methinks.

Bel I saw Sir Charles going into Fidelia's chamber—thou mayest steal upon them unobserved—they'll have their plots too, I suppose.

Fad. And where am I to come and tell thee, hah?

Bel. At the King's Arms, boy.

Fad. But you'll remember the purse, Charles.

Bel. Softly, rascal! [*Exit* Fad.] Why there it is again now! I am a fellow of principle! and so I will be, some time or other. But these appetites are the devil, and at present I am under their direction.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment. *Sir* CHARLES *and* FIDELIA *discovered sitting.*

Sir Char. He durst not say, directly, you were that creature the letter called you!

Fid. Not in terms, sir; but his concealments struck deeper than the sharpest accusations.

Sir Char. And could Mr. Belmont be silent to all this?

Fid. He said he had his reasons, sir, and it was my part to submit. I had no heart to disoblige him.

Sir Char. You are too nice, madam. Rosetta loves you, and should be trusted.

Fid. Alas, sir! if it concerned me only, I should have no concealment.

Sir Char. It concerns you most, madam. I must deal plainly with you. You have deceived your friend; and tho' I believe it not, a severer reproach rests upon you. And shall a idle promise, an extorted one too, and that from a man who solicits your

undoing, forbid your vindication? You must think better of it.

Fid. 'Tis not an extorted promise, sir, that seals my lips—but I love him—and tho' he pursues me to my ruin, I will obey him in this, whatever happens. He may desert me, but never shall have reason to upbraid me.

Sir Char. 'Tis your own cause, madam, and you must act in it as you think proper. Yet still, if I might advise———

Fid. Leave it to time, Sir Charles. And if you believe me innocent, your friendly thoughts of me, and my own conscience, shall keep me cheerful.

Enter FADDLE, *listening.*

Fad. O, pox, is it so! Now for a secret worth twenty pieces!

Sir Char. Has it ever appeared to you, madam, that Faddle was a confidant of Mr. Belmont's?

Fid. Never, sir. On the contrary, a wretch, most heartily despised by him.

Fad. If she should be a little mistaken now. [*Aside.*

Sir Char. Can you guess at any other means of his coming to a knowledge of you?

Fid. None that I know of, sir.

Fad. Faith, I believe her. [*Aside.*

Sir Char. One question more, madam, and I have done. Did Mr. Belmont ever solicit your removing from this house?

Fid. Never directly, sir. He has often, when we have been alone, quarrelled with himself for bringing me into it.

Sir Char. I thank you, madam. And if my enquiries have been at any time too importunate, allow them to the warmth of an honest friendship: for I have a heart that feels for your distresses, and beats to relieve them.

Fid. I have no words, Sir Charles; let my tears thank you.

Sir Char. Be composed, my child. And if Rosetta's suspicions grow violent, I have apartments ready to receive you, with such welcome, as virtue should find with one who loves it.

Fid. Still, Sir Charles, my tears are all that I can thank you with——for this goodness is too much for me.

Fad. And so she's a bit for the old gentleman at last! Rare news for Charles! or with a little addition I shall make it so. But I must decamp, to avoid danger. [*Aside, and exit.*

Sir Char. Dry up your tears, Fidelia. For, if my conjectures are well grounded, before night, perhaps, something may be done to serve you. And so I leave you to your best thoughts. [*Exit.*

Fid. Then I have one friend left. How long I am to hold him, Heaven knows. 'Tis a fickle world, and nothing in it is lasting, but misfortune——yet I'll have patience;

That sweet relief, the healing hand of Heav'n
Alone to suff'ring innocence has giv'n;
Come, friend of virtue, balm of every care,
Dwell in my bosom, and forbid despair. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment. Enter Colonel *and* ROSETTA.

Rosetta.

I tell you, I will not be talked to.

Col. 'Tis my unhappiness, madam, to raise no passion in you, but anger.

Ros. You are mistaken, colonel. I am not angry, tho' I answer so. My gaiety has been disturbed to-day; and gravity always sits upon me like ill-humour. Fidelia has engrossed me, and you are talking of yourself. What would you have me say?

Col. That your neglect of me has been dissembled, and that I have leave to love you, and to hope for you.

Ros. This is very strange now! Why 'tis not in your power to avoid loving me, whether you have leave to hope or not. And as to my dissembling, I know nothing of that—all I know is, that I'm a woman, and women, I suppose, dissemble sometimes—I don't pretend to be a bit better than a woman.

Col. Be a kind one, and you're an angel.

Ros. Why there now! when if I wanted to be an angel, the very kindness that made me one, would leave me in a month or two, a mere forsaken woman. No, no, colonel! ignorance is the mother of love, as well as devotion. We are angels before you know us to be women, and less than women, when, you know us to be no angels. If you would be pleased with the tricks of a juggler, never enquire how they are done.

Col. Right, madam, where the entertainment consists only in the deceit.

Ros. And philosophers will tell you, that the only happiness of life is to be well deceived.

Col. 'Tis the philosophy of fools, madam. Is the pleasure that arises from virtue a cheat? Or is there no happiness in conferring obligations, where the receiver wishes to be obliged, and labours to return it? 'Tis the happiness of divinity, to distribute good, and be paid with gratitude.

Ros. But to give all at once, would be to lose the power of obliging.

Col. And to deny all, would be to lose the pleasure of obliging.

Ros. But where the gift is trifling, you know——

Col. That trifle, if lent to another's management, might make both rich.

Ros. This is playing at cross-purposes. But if I were inclined to listen, what have you to say in favour of matrimony?

Col. "To fools, madam, 'tis the jewel of Æsop's

" cock; but to the wise, a diamond of price, in a " skilful hand, to enrich life." 'Tis happiness, or misery, as minds are differently disposed. The necessary requisites are love, good sense, and good breeding. The first to unite, the second to advise, and the third to comply. If you add to these, neatness and a competency, beauty will always please, and family cares become agreeable amusements.

" *Ros.* And yet I have known a very miserable " couple, with all these requisites.

" *Col.* Never, if you'll believe me, Rosetta—They " have worn them in public, and may have dissem- " bled with success. But marriage-intimacies de- " stroy dissimulation.——And if their private hours " have known no enjoyment, there must have been " wanting, either the affection that should unite, the " understanding that should advise, or the compla- " cency that should oblige."

Ros. Do you know, now, that you never pleased me so much in all your life?

Col. If so, Rosetta, one question, and then to apply.

Ros. How if I should not answer your question?

Col. 'Tis a fair one, upon my word. Don't you think, that you and I could muster up these requisites between us?

Ros. Let me consider a little——Who must have love, pray?

Col. Both of us.

Ros. No, I have no mind to have any thing to do

with love. Do you take that, and give understanding, to advise. "So then you choose again, and have "all the good-breeding, for compliance; then I "neatness; and last of all, competency shall be di-"vided between us."

Col. A match, madam, upon your own terms.—— "But if ever you should take it into your head to "dispute love with me, what other requisite are "you willing to give up for it?

"*Ros.* Why, neatness, I think; 'tis of little use to "a married woman, you know.

"*Col.* A trifle, madam." But when are we to come together?

Ros. As soon as we can give proof that these ingredients are between us—In a few years, perhaps.

Col. If our virtues should starve in that time?

Ros. Psha!—You know nothing of the matter. Sense will improve every day, and love and good-breeding live an age, if we don't marry then. But we'll have done with these matters; for I can keep the ball up no longer. You did not say Fidelia upbraided me?

Col. The very reverse. 'Twas her only affliction, she said, that you had reason to think hardly of her.

Ros. Poor girl! If you would make love to me with success, colonel, clear up these perplexities.—Suppose I was to dismiss my pride a little, and make her a visit with you?

Col. 'Twould be a kind one.

Ros. Lead on then; for, in spite of my resentments, I have no heart to keep from her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment. Enter Young BELMONT *and* FADDLE.

Bel. If this should be invention, Faddle?

Fad. I tell thee, I was behind the screen, and heard every syllable on't. Why, I'll say it to his face, pr'ythee.

Bel. What, that he proposed to take her into keeping, and that she consented?

Fad. Not in those words, man—No, no, Sir Charles is a gentleman of politer elocution. Pray, child, says he, did Young Belmont ever propose your removing from this house? No, sir, says she, but he has cursed himself to damnation for bringing me into it. [*Mimicking Sir Charles and* Fidelia.] Well, child, says he, the thing may be done to night; apartments are ready for you. And then, in a lower voice, he said something about virtue, that I could not very well hear; but I saw it set the girl a crying. And presently, in answer to a whisper of his, I heard her say, in a very pretty manner, that she thought it was too much for her. But what his proposals were, the devil a syllable could I hear.

Bel. Ha, ha!—Yonder he is, Faddle, and coming this way. We must not be seen together.

Fad. For a little sport, Charles, suppose I fling myself in his way, and make interest to be commode to him, ha!

Bel. And get thy nose twisted for thy pains?

Fad. Why, I can run, if I can't fight, pr'ythee.

Bel. Faith, I never doubted thee that way. I'll to my room, then, and wait for thee.

Fad. But leave the door open, Charles.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha!—You'll not be tedious, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Fad. If the old gentleman should be in his airs tho'—Servant, servant, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. Oh, sir, you are the man I was looking for!

Fad. If I can be of any service, Sir Charles——What, and so—ha!——Faith, you're a sly one—But you old poachers have such a way with you?—Why here has Charles been racking his brains for ways and means, any time these three months; and just in the nick, souse comes me down the old kite—and, alack-a-day, poor chick!—the business is done.

Sir Char. Make yourself a little intelligible, sir.

Fad. And so, I don't speak plain, ha?—Oh, the little rogue!—There's more beauty in the veins of her neck, than in a landscape of Claude; and more music in the smack of her lips, than in all Handel!

Sir Char. Let me understand you, sir.

Fad. Methinks 'twas very laconic, tho'——If Rosetta's suspicions grow violent, I have apartments

ready to receive you [*Mimicking Sir* Charles.] But a word in your ear, old gentleman—Those apartments won't do.

Sir Char. Oh, sir, I begin to be a little in the secret!

Fad. Mighty quick of apprehension, faith!—And the little innocent!——Still, Sir Charles, my tears are all that I can thank you with; for this goodness is too much for me. [*Mimicking* Fidelia.] Upon my soul, you have a great deal of goodness, Sir Charles; a great deal of goodness, upon my soul.

Sir Char. Why, now I understand you, sir. And as these matters may require time, for the sake of privacy we'll shut this door. [*Shuts the door.*

Fad. Any other time, Sir Charles. But I am really so hurried at present, that—Oh, lord! [*Aside.*

Sir Char. Why, what does the wretch tremble at? —Broken bones are to be set again; and thou mayest yet die in thy bed. [*Takes hold of him.*] You have been a listener, sir.

Fad. Lord, sir!—Indeed, sir!—Not I, sir!

Sir Char. No denial, sir. [*Shakes him.*

Fad. Oh, sir, I'll confess! I did listen, sir——I did, indeed, sir.

Sir Char. Does your memory furnish you with any other villany of yours, that may save me the trouble of an explanation?

Fad. I'll think, sir——What the devil shall I say now? [*Aside.*

Sir Char. Take care; for every lie thou tell'st me, shall be scored ten-fold upon thy flesh. Answer me

——How came Mr. Belmont's sister by that anonymous letter?

Fad. Letter, sir!

Sir Char. Whence came it, I say?

Fad. Is there no remission, sir?

Sir Char. None that thou canst deserve: for honesty is not in thy nature.

Fad. If I confess?

Sir Char. Do so then, and trust me.

Fad. Yes, and so be beat to mummy by Charles—If you won't tell him, sir——

Sir Char. I'll think on't.

Fad. Why then, sir——But he'll certainly be the death of me——It was by his contrivance I wrote the letter, and sent it from the King's Arms.

Sir Cha. Very well, sir. And did you know to what purpose it was sent?

Fad. Yes, sir; it was to alarm the family against Fidelia, that Charles might get her into private lodgings——That was all, as I hope to be sav'd, sir.

Sir Char. Was it, sir? And upon what principles were you an accomplice in this villany?

Fad. I was out of money, sir, and not over-valiant; and Charles promised and threatened—'Twas either a small purse, or a great cudgel—And so, I took one to avoid t'other, sir.

Sir Char. And what dost thou deserve for this?

Fad. Pray, sir, consider my honest confession, and think me paid already, if you please, sir.

Sir Char. For that thou art safe. If thou wouldst continue so, avoid me. Begone, I say!

Fad. Yes, sir——and well off too, faith.

[*Aside, and going.*

Sir Char. Yet stay—If thou art open to any sense of shame, hear me.

Fad. I will, sir.

Sir Char. Thy life is a disgrace to humanity. A foolish prodigality makes thee needy; need makes thee vicious, and both make thee contemptible. Thy wit is prostituted to slander and buffoonery; and thy judgments, if thou hast any, to meanness and villany. Thy betters that laugh with thee, laugh at thee: and who are they? The fools of quality at court, and those who ape them in the city. The varieties of thy life are pitiful rewards, and painful abuses; for the same trick that gets thee a guinea to-day, shall get thee beaten out of doors to-morrow. Those who caress thee are enemies to themselves; and when they know it, will be so to thee: in thy distresses they'll desert thee, and leave thee, at last, to sink in thy poverty, unregarded and unpitied. If thou canst be wise, think of me, and be honest. [*Exit.*

Fad. I'll endeavour it, sir——A most excellent discourse, faith; and mighty well there was not a larger congregation.——So, so!—I must be witty, with a vengeance!——What the devil shall I say to Charles, now?—And here he comes, like poverty and the plague, to destroy me at once——Let me see——

Ay—as truth has saved me with one, I'll try what a little lying will do with t'other.

Enter Young BELMONT.

Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the rarest sport, Charles!

Bel. What sport, pr'ythee?

Fad. I shall burst!——Ha, ha, ha!——The old gentleman has let me into all his secrets.

Bel. And, like a faithful confidant, you are going to reveal them.

Fad. Not a breath, Charles—Only that I am in commission, my dear, that's all.

Bel. So I suppose, indeed.

Fad. Nay, Charles, if I tell thee a lie, cut my throat. The short of the matter is, the old poacher, finding me in the secret, thought it the wisest way to make a confidant of me; and this very moment, my dear, I am upon the wing to provide lodgings for the occasion.

Bel. If this should be apocryphal, as my father says——

Fad. Gospel every syllable, as I hope to be saved. ——Why, what in the devil's name have I to do, to be inventing lies for thee?——But here comes the old gentleman again, faith—Oh, the devil! [*Aside*]—Pr'ythee, stroke him down a little, Charles, if 'tis only to see how awkward he takes it—I must about the lodgings, ha, ha, ha!——But if ever I set foot in this house again, may a horse-pond be my portion. [*Aside, and exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES, *with a Letter in his Hand, speaking to a Servant.*

Sir Char. Bid him wait a little, and I'll attend him. [*Exit Servant.*] What can this mean?—Let me read it again. [*Reads.*] 'If the interest of Sir Charles Raymond's family be dear to him, he will follow the bearer with the same haste that he would shun ruin.' ——That he would shun ruin! This is strange! But, be it as it will, I have another concern that must take place first.

Bel. Sir Charles, your servant. Any news, sir?

Sir Char. Not much, sir; only, that a young gentleman of honour and condition had introduced a virtuous lady to his family; and when a worthless fellow defamed her innocence, and robbed her of her quiet, he, who might have dried her tears, and vindicated her virtue, forsook her in her injuries, to debauch his mind with the assassin of her reputation.

Bel. If your tale ends there, sir, you have learned but half on't; for my advices add, that a certain elderly gentleman, of title and fortune, pitying the forlorn circumstances of the lady, has offered her terms of friendship and accommodation: and this night she bids farewell to maidenhood, and a female bedfellow in private apartments.

Sir Char. You treat me lightly, Mr. Belmont.

Bel. You use me roughly, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. How, sir?

Bel. In the person of Fidelia.

Sir Char. Make it appear, and you shall find me a very boy in my submissions.

Bel. 'Twould be time lost; and I can employ it to advantage. But remember, sir, that this house is another's, not yours; that Fidelia is under my direction, not yours; and that my will must determine her removal, not yours.

Sir Char. Is she your slave, sir, to bear the burden of your insults without complaining, or the right of choosing another master?

Bel. And who shall be that master? You, sir? The poor bird that would escape the kite, is like to find warm protection from the fox.

Sir Char. Pr'ythee, think me a man, and treat me as such.

Bel. As the man I have found you, Sir Charles. Your grave deportment, and honesty of heart, are covers only for wantonness and design. You preach up temperance and sobriety to youth, to monopolize, in age, the vices you are unfit for.

Sir Char. Hark you, young man—you must curb this impetuous spirit of yours, or I shall be tempted to teach you manners, in a method disagreeable to you.

Bel. Learn them first yourself, sir. You say Fidelia is insulted by me; how is it made out? Why, truly, I would possess her without marriage!——I would so. Marriage is the thing I would avoid: 'tis the trick of priests, to make men miserable, and women insolent. I have dealt plainly, and told her

so. Have you said as much? No; you wear the face of honesty, to quiet her fears; that when your blood boils, and security has stolen away her guard, you may rush at midnight upon her beauties, and do the ravage you are sworn to protect her from.

Sir Char. Hold, sir. You have driven me beyond the limits of my patience; and I must tell you, young man, that the obligations I owe your father, demand no returns that manhood must blush to make. Therefore, hold, I say; for I have a sword to do me justice, tho' it should leave my dearerst friend childless.

Bel. I fear it not.

Sir Char. Better tempt it not; for your fears may come too late. You have dealt openly with Fidelia, you say: deal so for once with me, and tell me, whence came that vile scroll to Rosetta this afternoon?

Bel. It seems, then, I wrote it. You dare not think so.

Sir Char. I dare speak, as well as think, where honour directs me.

Bel. You are my accuser then?

Sir Char. When I become so, I shall take care, Mr. Belmont, that the proof waits upon the accusation.

Bel. I disdain the thought.

Sir Char. Better have disdained the deed.

Bel. I do both—and him that suspects me.

Sir Char. Away! You fear him that suspects you; and have disdained neither the thought nor the deed.

Bel. How, sir? [*Drawing.*

Sir Char. Put up your sword, young man, and use it in a better cause: this is a vile one. And now you shall be as still thro' shame, as you have been loud thro' pride. You should have known, that cowards are unfit for secrets.

Bel. And if I had, sir?

Sir Char. Why, then, sir, you had not employed such a wretch as Faddle, to write that letter to Rosetta.

Bel. The villain has betrayed me! But I'll be sure on't. [*Aside.*] He durst not say I did.

Sir Char. You should rather have built your innocence upon the probability of his unsaying it; for the same fear that made him confess to me, may make him deny every syllable to you.

Bel. What has he confessed, sir?

Sir Char. That, to-day, at dinner, you prompted the letter that he wrote. That your design was, by vilifying Fidelia, to get her dismissed, and the dismission to prepare her ruin in private lodgings. Was this your open behaviour, sir?

Bel. Go on with your upbraidings, sir. Speak to me as you will, and think of me as you will. I have deserved shame, and am taught patience.

Sir Char. Was this well done? Did her innocence, and her undissembled love, deserve this treatment?

Bel. Proceed, sir.

Sir Char. No, sir, I have done. If you have sense of your past conduct, you want not humanity to heal

the wounds it has given. Something must be done, and speedily.

Bel. What reparation can I make her?

Sir Char. Dry up her tears, by an immediate acknowledgment of her wrongs.

Bel. I would do more.

Sir Char. Bid her farewell, then, and consent to her removal.

Bel. I cannot, sir.

Sir Char. Her peace demands it: but we'll talk of that hereafter. If you have honour, go and do her justice, and undeceive your injured sister. Who waits there?——Indeed, you have been to blame, Mr. Belmont.

Enter Servant.

Shew me to the bearer of this letter.

[Exit with the Servant.

Bel. Why, what a thing am I!——But 'tis the trick of vice to pay her votaries with shame; and I am rewarded amply. To be a fool's fool too! to link myself in villany with a wretch below the notice of a man! and to be outwitted by him!—So, so!——I may have abused Sir Charles too——Let me think a little——I'll to Fidelia instantly, and tell her what a rogue I have been. But will that be reparation?—I know but of one way; and there my pride stops me——And then I lose her—Worse and worse!——I'll think no more on't; but away to her chamber, and bid her think for me. *[Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Sir ROGER *and Servant. Sir* ROGER *with a letter in his hand.*

Sir Roger.

VERY fine doings, indeed! But I'll teach the dog to play his tricks upon his father. A man had better let a lion loose in his family, than a town-rake. Where is Sir Charles, I say?

Serv. This moment come in, sir.

Sir Ro. And why did not you say so, blockhead? Tell him I must speak with him this moment.

Serv. The servant says, he waits for an answer to that letter, sir.

Sir Ro. Do as I bid you, rascal, and let him wait. Fly, I say. [*Exit Servant.*] The riotous young dog! to bring his harlots home with him! But I'll out with the baggage.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Oh, Sir Charles, 'tis every word as we said this morning! The boy has stolen her, and I am to be ruined by a law-suit.

Sir Char. A law-suit! With whom, sir?

Sir Ro. Read, read, read! [*Gives the letter.*

Sir Char. [*Reads.*] 'I am guardian to that Fidelia, whom your son has stolen from me, and you unjustly detain. If you deny her to me, the law shall right me.

I wait your answer by the bearer, to assert my claim in the person of GEORGE VILLIARD.' Why, then my doubts are at an end. But I must conceal my transports, and wear a face of coolness, while my heart overflows with passion. [*Aside.*

Sir Ro. What, not a word, Sir Charles?—There's a piece of work for you!— and so I am to be ruined.

Sir Char. Do you know this Villiard, Sir Roger?

Sir Ro. Whether I do or not, sir, the slut shall go to him this moment.

Sir Char. Hold a little. This gentleman must be heard, sir, and, if his claim be good, the lady restored.

Sir Ro. Why, e'en let her go as it is, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. That would be too hasty. Go in with me, sir, and we'll consider how to write to him.

Sir Ro. Well, well, well——I wish she was gone, though. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment. Enter Young BELMONT *and* FIDELIA.

Bel. Ask me not why I did it, but forgive me.

Fid. No, sir, 'tis impossible. I have a mind, Mr. Belmont, above the wretchedness of my fortunes; and helpless as I am, I can feel in this breast a sense of injuries, and spirit to resent them.

Bel. Nay, but hear me, Fidelia.

Fid. Was it not enough to desert me in my dis-

tresses, to deny me the poor request I made you, but must you own yourself the contriver of that letter? 'Tis insupportable! If I consented to assume a rank that belonged not to me, my heart went not with the deceit. You would have it so, and I complied. 'Twas shame enough, that I had deceived your sister; it needed not, that I should bring a prostitute to her friendship. This was too much, too much, Mr. Belmont.

Bel. Yet hear me, I say.

Fid. And then, to leave me to the malice of that wretch; to have my supposed infamy the tavern jest of his licentious companions!——I never flattered myself, Mr. Belmont, with your love; but knew not, till now, that I have been the object of your hatred.

Bel. My hatred!—But I have deserved your hardest thoughts of me!——And yet, believe me, Fidelia, when I used you worst, I loved you most.

Fid. Call it by another name; for love delights in acts of kindness. Were yours such, sir?—And yet, must I forget all—for I owe you more than injuries can cancel, or gratitude repay.

Bel. Generous creature! This is to be amiable indeed! But must we part, Fidelia?

Fid. I have resolved it, sir, and you must yield to it.

Bel. Never, my sweet obstinate.

Fid. That I have loved you, 'tis my pride to acknowledge; but that must be forgot. And the hard

task remains, to drive the passion from my breast, while I cherish the memory of your humane offices. This day, then, shall be the last of our meeting. Painful tho' it may be, yet your own, mine, and the family's peace *requires* it. Heaven, in my distresses, has not left me destitute of a friend; or, if it had, I can find one in my innocence, to make even poverty supportable.

Bel. You have touch'd me, Fidelia; and my heart yields to your virtues. Here, *then*, let my follies have an end; and thus let me receive you as the everlasting partner of my heart and fortune.

[*Offers to embrace her.*

Fid. No, sir. The conduct that has hitherto secured my own honour, shall protect yours. I have been the innocent disturber of your family; but never will consent to load it with disgrace.

Bel. Nor can it be disgraced. I mean to honour it, Fidelia: you must comply.

Fid. And repay generosity with ruin! No, Mr. Belmont; I can forego happiness, but never can consent to make another miserable.

Bel. When I repent, Fidelia!——But see where my sister comes, to be an advocate for my wishes.

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. Oh, sir, you are found! You have done nobly, indeed! But your thefts are discovered, sir.——This lady's guardian has a word or two for you.

Bel. Her guardian! Upon my life, Fidelia, Villiard! He comes as I could wish him.

Ros. Say so when you have answered him, brother. Am I to lose you at last then, Fidelia? And yet my hopes flatter me, that this too, as well as the letter, is a deceit. May I think so, Fidelia?

Fid. As truly as of your goodness, Rosetta.——— Your brother will tell you all. Oh, he has made me miserable by his generosity!

Bel. This pretended guardian, sister, is a villain, and Fidelia the most abused of women. Bounteous he has been indeed; but to his vices, not his virtues, she stands indebted for the best of educations. The story will amaze you. At twelve years old———

Ros. He's here, brother, and with him my papa, Sir Charles, and the colonel. Now, Fidelia.

Enter Sir ROGER, *Sir* CHARLES, *the* Colonel, *and* VILLIARD.

Sir Char. If that be the lady, Mr. Villiard, and your claim as you pretend, Sir Roger has told you, she shall be restored, sir.

Sir Ro. Yes, sir, and your claim as you pretend.

Vil. 'Tis well, madam, I have found you. [*Going to* Fidelia.] This, gentlemen, is the lady; and this the robber who stole her from me: [*Pointing to* Belmont.] By violence, and at midnight he stole her.

Bel. Stole her, sir!

Vil. By violence, and at midnight, I say.

Bel. You shall be heard, sir.

Vil. Ay, sir, and satisfied. I stand here, gentlemen, to demand my ward.

Sir Char. Give us proofs, sir, and you shall have justice.

Vil. Demand them there, sir. [*Pointing to* Bel. *and* Fid.] I have told you, I am robbed: if you deny me justice, the law shall force it.

Sir Char. A little patience, sir. [*To* Villiard.] Do you know this gentleman, Fidelia?

Fid. Too well, sir.

Sir Char. By what means, sir, did you become her guardian? [*To* Vil.

Vil. By the will of her who bore her, sir.

Sir Char. How will you reply to this, Fidelia?

Fid. With truth and honesty, sir.

Bel. Let him proceed, madam.

Vil. Ay, sir, to your part of the story; tho' both are practised in a damn'd fal el[illegible] to confront me.

Bel. Falsehood!—But I am cool, sir. Proceed.

Vil. My doors were broke open at midnight by this gentleman, [*Pointing to* Bel.] myself wounded, and Fidelia ravished from me. He ran off with her in his arms. Nor, till this morning, in a coach which brought her hither, have my eyes ever beheld her.

Sir Ro. A very fine business, truly, young man! [*To* Belmont.

Fid. He has abused you, sir. Mr. Belmont is noble——

Bel. No matter, Fidelia. Well, sir, you have been robbed, you say? [*To* Villiard.

Vil. And will have justice, sir.

Bel. Take it from this hand then. [*Drawing.*

Sir Char. Hold, sir. This is adding insult to injuries. Fidelia must be restored, sir.

Sir Ro. Ay, sir, Fidelia must be restored.

Fid. But not to him. Hear but my story, and, if I deceive you, let your friendship forsake me. He bought me, gentlemen, for the worst of purposes; he bought me of the worst of women. A thousand times has he confessed it, and as often pleaded his right of purchase to undo me. Whole years have I endured his brutal solicitations; till, tired with entreaties, he had recourse to violence. The scene was laid, and I had been ruined beyond redress, had not my cries brought the generous Mr. Belmont to my relief. He was accidentally passing by, and alarmed, at midnight, with a woman's shrieks, he forced open the door, and saved me from destruction.

Sir Char. How will you answer this, sir? [*To Vil.*

Vil. 'Tis false, sir. That woman was her nurse: these hands delivered her to her care.

Fid. Alas, gentlemen, she found me a helpless infant at her door! So she has always told me; and at twelve years old, betrayed me to that monster.—— Search out the woman, if she be alive, and let me be confronted.

Sir Ro. If this be true, Sir Charles, I shall bless myself as long as I live, for getting my boy. [*Weeps.*

Vil. 'Tis false, I say; a damn'd contrivance to

escape me. I stand here, sir, to demand my ward. [*To* Sir Ro.] Deny her to me at your peril.

Bel. He shall have my life as soon.

Vil. Hark you, sir. [*To Sir* Ro.] There are things called laws, to do right to the injured. My appeal shall be to them.

Sir Char. That woman must be produced, sir. [*To* Vil.

Vil. And shall, sir, in a court of justice. Our next meeting shall be there. Till then, madam, you are secure. [*To* Fidelia.

Bel. Take care that you are so, sir, when we have occasion to call upon you. You shall have justice.

Vil. And will, sir, in defiance of you. [*Exit.*

Sir Char. Fear not, Fidelia; we believe, and will protect you.

Ros. My sweet girl!——But whence came the letter this afternoon?

Bel. 'Twas I that wrote it.

Ros. Oh, monstrous!——And could you be that wretch, brother?

Bel. And will atone for it, by the only recompence that's left me.

Sir Ro. And what recompence will you make her, ha, rogue?

Bel. I have injured her, sir, and must do her justice. If you would retrieve my honour, or promote my happiness, give me your consent, sir, to make her your daughter.

Ros. Why, that's my brother! Now I am sure she's innocent. And so you will, papa.

Sir Ro. But positively I will not, child. Marry her, indeed! What, without a shilling! and be ruined by Villiard into the bargain! If your story be true, Fidelia, you shall be provided for. But no marrying, d'ye hear, child?

Fid You need not doubt me, sir.

Sir Ro. Why, that's well said, Fidelia.

Ros. And deserves reward, sir. Pray, Sir Charles, let us have your thoughts upon this matter.

Sir Char. Your brother's proposal, madam, and Fidelia's denial, are as generous as your father's determination is just.

Bel. I expected as much, sir.

Sir Char. My opinion was asked, sir.

Bel. And you have given it. I thank you, sir.

Sir Char. Think of Villiard, Mr. Belmont; his claim may be revived, sir.

Bel. Fidelia has deceived you then. You think otherwise, Sir Charles.

Col. My life upon her innocence!—And where the fortune on one side is more than sufficient, how light is all addition to it, compared to the possession of her one loves!—Let me, sir, be happy in Rosetta, [*To Sir* Roger.] and give her fortune to Fidelia, to make her an object worthy of your son.

Ros. There's a colonel for you!——What says my sweet Fidelia?

Fid. I intended to be silent, madam; but 'tis now

my duty to speak. You have been my deliverer, sir, from the worst of evils; [*To* Bel.] and now would nobly augment the first obligation by a generosity too mighty for acknowledgment. If I had the wealth of worlds, it would be too little to bestow. But poor and friendless as I am, my heart may break, but never shall consent to make my benefactor a penitent to his virtues.

Sir Char. 'Tis nobly said, Fidelia. And now, Mr. Belmont, our disputes will soon be at an end. You have this day, sir, reproached me often; it remains now that you should know me as I am.

Bel. If I have erred, sir——

Sir Char. Interrupt me not, but hear me. I have watched your follies with concern; and 'tis with equal pleasure I congratulate your return to honour. If I have opposed your generous inclinations, it was only to give them strength. I am now a suppliant to your father for the happiness you desire.

Bel. This is noble, Sir Charles!

Sir Char. And to make Fidelia worthy of his son, a fortune shall be added equal to his warmest expectations.

Sir Ro. Why ay, Sir Charles, let that be made out, and I shall have no objections.

Fid. What mean you, sir? [*To Sir* Char.

Sir Char. A minute more, and my sweet girl shall be instructed. You have often told me, sir, [*To* Bel.] that I had an interest in this lovely creature. I have an interest! an interest that you shall allow me!

My heart dotes upon her! Oh, I can hold no longer!——My daughter! my daughter!

[*Running to* Fidelia, *and embracing her.*

Fid. Your daughter, sir!

Sir Char. Oh, my sweet child!—Sir Roger, Mr. Belmont, my son!——These tears!—these tears!—Fidelia is my daughter!

Col. Is't possible?

Sir Char. Let not excess of wonder overpower you, Fidelia, for I have a tale to tell, that will exceed belief.

Fid. Oh, sir!

Sir Char. Upbraid me not, that I have kept it a moment from your knowledge——'twas a hard trial! and while my tongue was taught dissimulation, my heart bled for a child's distresses.

Bel. Torture us not, sir, but explain this wonder!

Sir Char. My tears must have their way first——O, my child! my child![*Turning to Sir* Roger *and the rest.*]—Know then, that wicked woman, so often mentioned, was my Fidelia's governante. When my mistaken zeal drove me into banishment, I left her, an infant, to her care—To secure some jewels of value I had lodged with her, she became the woman you have heard——My child was taught to believe she was a foundling——her name of Harriet changed to Fidelia——and, to lessen my solicitude for the theft, a letter was dispatched to me in France, that my infant daughter had no longer a being. Thus was the father robbed of his child, and the brother taught to believe he had no sister!

Fid. Am I that sister, and that daughter?——Oh, Heavens! [*Kneels.*

Bel. [*Running to her, and raising her.*] Be composed, my life! A moment's attention more, and your transports shall have a loose. Proceed, sir!

Sir Char. Where she withdrew herself, I could never learn. At twelve years old she sold her, as you have heard, and never, till yesterday, made enquiry about her. 'Twas then, that a sudden fit of sickness brought her to repentance. She sent for Villiard, who told her minutely what had happened. The knowledge of her deliverance gave her some consolation. But more was to be done yet. She had information of my pardon and return, and ignorant of my child's deliverer, or the place of her conveyance, she at last determined to unburthen herself to me. A letter was brought to me this afternoon, conjuring me to follow the bearer with the same haste that I would shun ruin. I did follow him, and received from this wretched woman the story I have told you.

Fid. Oh, my heart!—My father! [*Kneels.*] Have I at last found you! And were all my sorrows past meant only to endear the present transport—'Tis too much for me.

Sir Char. Rise, my child! To find thee thus virtuous, in the midst of temptations, and thus lovely in the midst of poverty and distress——after an absence of eighteen melancholy years, when imaginary death had torn thee from my hopes——to find thee

thus unexpectedly, and thus amiable, is happiness that the uninterrupted enjoyments of the fairest life never equalled!

Fid. What must be mine then! Have I a brother too! [*Turning to the Colonel.*] Oh, my kind fortune!

Col. My sister! [*Embracing her.*

Fid. Still there is a dearer claim than all, and now I can acknowledge it. My deliverer!

Bel. And husband, Fidelia! Let me receive you as the richest gift of Fortune! [*Catching her in his arms.*

Ros. My generous girl! The pride of your alliance is my utmost boast, as it is my brother's happiness.

Sir Ro. I have a right in her too, for now you are my daughter, Fidelia. [*Kisses her.*

Fid. I had forgot, sir—If you will receive me as such, you shall find my gratitude in my obedience.

Sir Char. Take her, Mr. Belmont, and protect the virtue you have tried. [*Joining their hands.*

Bel. The study of my life, sir, shall be to deserve her.

Fid. Oh, Rosetta! yet it still remains with you to make this day's happiness complete—I have a brother that loves you.

Ros. I would be Fidelia's sister every way! So take me while I am warm, colonel! [*Giving him her hand.*

Col. And when we repent, Rosetta, let the next minute end us.

Ros. With all my heart!

Fid. Now, Rosetta, we are doubly sisters!

Sir Char. And may your lives and your affections know an end together.

Bel. [*Taking* Fidelia *by the hand.*] And now, Fidelia, what you have made me, take me, a convert to honour! I have at last learnt, that custom can be no authority for vice; and however the mistaken world may judge, he who solicits pleasure, at the expence of innocence, is the vilest of betrayers.

Yet savage man, the wildest beast of prey,
Assumes the face of kindness to betray;
His giant strength against the weak employs,
And woman, whom he should protect, destroys.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

I KNOW you all expect, from seeing me,
An Epilogue, of strictest purity;
Some formal lecture, spoke with prudish face,
To shew our present joking, giggling race;
True joy consists in——gravity and grace!
But why am I for ever made the tool
Of every squeamish, moralizing fool?
Condemn'd to sorrow all my life, must I
Ne'er make you laugh, because I make you cry?
Madam (say they), your face denotes your heart,
'Tis yours to melt us in the mournful part.
So from the looks our hearts they prudish deem!
Alas, poor souls!——we are not what we seem!
Tho' prudence oft our inclination smothers,
We grave ones love a joke—as well as others.
From such dull stuff, what profit can you reap?
You cry—'Tis very fine—[Yawns.]—and fall asleep.
Happy that bard!——blest with uncommon art,
Whose wit can cheer, and not corrupt the heart!
Happy that play'r, whose skill can chase the spleen,
And leave no worse ink[illegible] within.

'Mongst friends, our author is a modest man,
But wicked wits will cavil at his plan.
Damn it (says one), this stuff will never pass,
The girl wants nature, and the rake's an ass.
Had I, like Belmont, heard a damsel's cries,
I won'd have pink'd her keeper, seiz'd the prize,
Whipt to a coach, not valu'd tears a farthing,
But drove away like smoke——to Covent-Garden;
There to some house convenient would have carry'd her,
And then—dear soul!—the devil should have marry'd her.
But this our author thought too hard upon her;
Besides, his spark, forsooth, must have some honour:
The fool's a fabulist!——and deals in fiction;
Or he had giv'n him vice——without restriction.
Of fable, all his characters partake,
Sir Charles is virtuous——and for Virtue's sake;
Nor vain, nor blust'ring is the soldier writ,
His rake has conscience, modesty, and wit.
The ladies too!——how oddly they appear!
His prude is chaste, and his coquette sincere:
In short, so strange a group ne'er trod the stage,
At once to please, and satirize the age!
For you, ye fair, his muse has chiefly sung,
'Tis you have touch'd his heart, and tun'd his tongue;
The sex's champion, let the sex defend,
A soothing poet is a charming friend:
Your favours, here bestow'd, will meet reward,
So as you love dear flatt'ry——save your bard.

THE END.

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